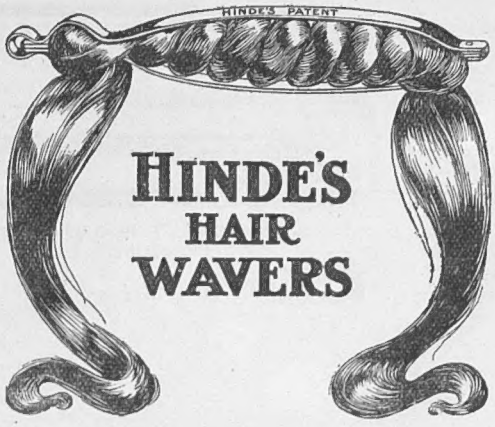


" Nature alone won't wave the Hair, Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."

Hinde's Hair Wavers in different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table, 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO-TONE FOR GREY HAIR.

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores, **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d.

Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

The territory served by the

Great Western Railway

affords the

Best Climatic Conditions

for

Winter Holidays in the Homeland

including

GLORIOUS DEVON AND **CORNISH RIVIERA**

WEEK-END TICKETS

specially EXTENDED for

XMAS and the NEW YEAR.

G.W.R. PUBLICATIONS

Obtainable at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.2.

1. **WINTER RESORTS on the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.** Free.
2. **"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" GUIDE for 1923,** containing list of Hotels, Boarding Houses, Apartments, etc. Price **6d.** or by post 1/3.
3. **LEGENDLAND BOOKLETS** (2). Price **6d.** each or by post 1/3 for the two.

Full information of Train Services, Fares, etc., obtainable at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2.

FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager.*

ALWAYS TIME FOR A SHAVE IF YOU KNOW YOUR RAZOR

There's always time for a shave — with a **KROPP** — a good, clean and pleasant shave — because this razor has a keen cutting edge which it retains longer than does any other razor. Well balanced and just the right weight for any beard, the Kropp Hollow Ground Razor simply sweeps over the face, removing the most intractable beard quickly and with little or no effort.

PRICES.

BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-

Every Kropp Razor is sold in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send post card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 26.

Wholesale only: **OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., London, W.1**

Good Company

The Three Nuns smoker, mellowed by the soothing influence of this fragrant tobacco, is good company. He would have you share his enjoyment, which lasts to the bottom of his well-packed bowl.

Every circlet of Three Nuns is itself a perfect blend, slow-burning and entirely free from dust. Hence each pipeful is as good as the last.

THREE NUNS
TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings only:—

2-oz. Tins, 2/4

1-oz. Packets, 1/2

Also in 2-oz packets, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 56, St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.

THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES

The same exacting care that goes to the blending of Three Nuns Tobacco is devoted to the making of Three Nuns Cigarettes. Apart from this there is no resemblance between the two, for the Cigarettes are made from pure, unblended, selected Virginia leaf only.

10 *for* 6D.

739

Neat and tidy Hair at the dance

No matter how obstinate your hair may be, Anzora will control it and keep it in perfect position throughout the most energetic dance. Not only at a dance, but on all occasions will Anzora master your hair. Apply a little each morning and brush your hair well. Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Viola for dry scalps. Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 & 2/6 (double quantity) bot.

Gently yet firmly refuse substitutes

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

Irish Linen Handkerchiefs

that are dainty, distinctive and different. Beautiful well woven linen handkerchiefs made by a firm who have been famous during the past 50 years for weaving of fine linen.

Write to-day for Handkerchief List No. 44T, sent post free.

No. 90263. Ladies' fine linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered and with scalloped edges, size about 11½ ins. Per dozen **20/-**

No. B 3 Ladies' embroidered Jewel, fine sheer linen Handkerchiefs. Sparkling at all times, more radiantly with artificial light. Per dozen **20/-**

No. 40. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered two-letter monogram, size about 12 ins. Per dozen **15/9**

No. 12719. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, dainty embroidered borders, size about 12 ins. Per dozen **21/-**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

"TRITEX" SILK-STOCKINGS

With 15 years' reputation, and still the best. All colours. Price reduced to 8/11. Agents—best shops in each town. There is none "just as good"; then insist on Tritex (in the yellow box).

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., ENGLAND,
47 & 48, Berners Street, W.1.

Remembrance
express it in Books!

YOUR every sentiment, wish and thought can be expressed in books—then, this year give books. Here is a representative list of works to meet all tastes—issued by the House of Cassell.

A Short History of the World
H. G. Wells
"A vivid and interesting sketch of the earth and its inhabitants."—*Daily Mail.* 15/- NET

Punch Pictures By Frank Reynolds
With an Introduction by E. V. Lucas
"There is a broad smile on each of its 128 pages."—*Daily Graphic.* 10/6 NET

AT HOME WITH WILD NATURE
Richard Kearton, F.Z.S.
"Contains some of his best work, and would make an excellent gift book."—*Sunday Times.* 7/6 NET

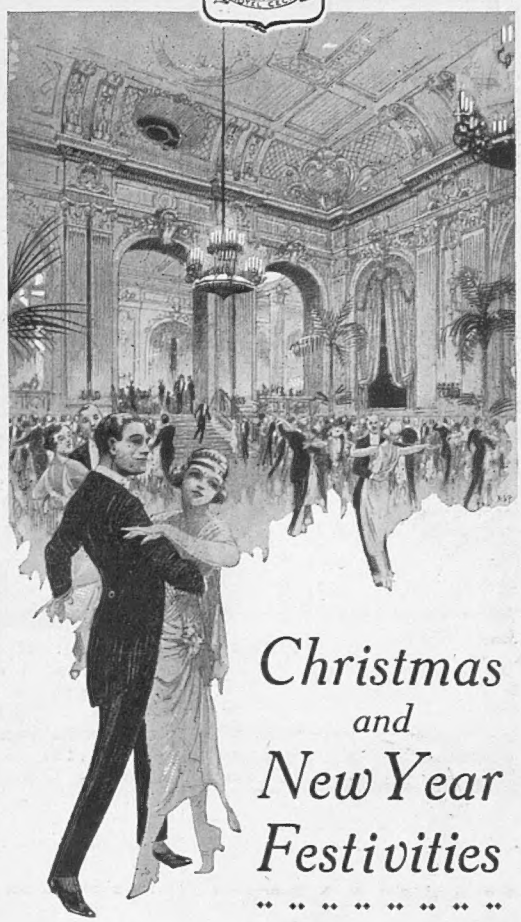
ARNOLD BENNETT
Lilian
Now in its 20th thousand.
"One of those novels which bear the hall-mark of life."—*Dundee Courier.* 6/- NET

ROBERT HICHENS
Now in its 19th thousand.
December Love
"This is probably the finest novel Mr. Hichens has ever written."—*Daily Mail.* 7/6 NET

JOSEPH HOCKING
Prodigal Daughters
"A pleasant book which gives much food for thought."—*Methodist Times.* 7/6 NET

WILLIAM LE QUEUX
The Voice from the Void
"A wireless mystery, thoroughly up to date."—*Star.* 7/6 NET

The House of Cassell
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4



Christmas and New Year Festivities

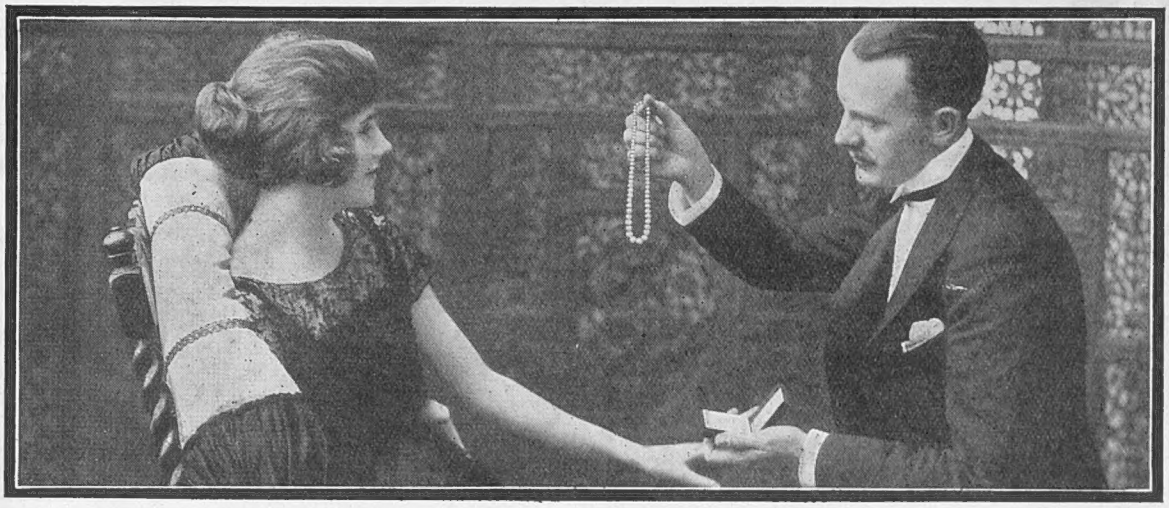
Christmas Night
SPECIAL DINNER, CONCERT & DANCE, In Restaurant and Palm Court.
Dancing until 2 a.m.

Saturday, December 30th
GRAND CHILDREN'S PARTY in Palm Court and Grand Hall
3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Sunday, December 31st
New Year's Eve
GALA DINNER AND DANCE. In Restaurant, Palm Court, Grand and Victoria Halls.
Dancing until 2 a.m.
Late Dinner served from 8 p.m.

Tables may be retained throughout the evening. Dining and Dancing accommodation for 1,200 guests.

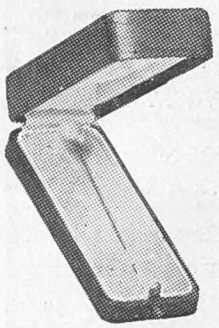
Apply Manager:
HOTEL CECIL
'Phone: GERRARD 60.



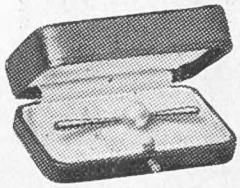
Give Her a Necklet of Ciro Pearls

Single Ciro Pearl Ear-rings on solid gold mounts.
£1 : 1s. *per pair.*

Ciro Pearl Cross-over Ring in gold or platinette.
£1 : 1s.



Gold Scarfpin with marvellous pear-shaped or round Ciro Pearl.
£1 : 1s.



Gold Bar Brooch with unique Ciro Pearl.
£1 : 1s.

and she will admire and value not only the gift but your good taste in selecting it. CIRO PEARLS are an ever acceptable present to a woman, always in fashion, always appropriate and never more than at the Christmas Season. Their brilliant sheen, perfect colouring and natural form make them such exact replicas of the Oriental pearl that it is impossible to tell one from the other, even when worn side by side. As a Yuletide offering nothing equals the facsimile of a valuable pearl necklace, or one of the charming gifts shown on this page.

If you come to our showrooms to select your Xmas gift your own eyes will convince you, but if this is not possible, then avail yourself of our wonderful postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings in case complete. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Attractive cases supplied with all goods, but specially fine cases as illustrated 2/- extra, or for necklets, 3/6 extra.

Write to-day for our illustrated booklet No. 7 post free.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7

Our Showrooms are on First Floor over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.

Ciro Pearls cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces.

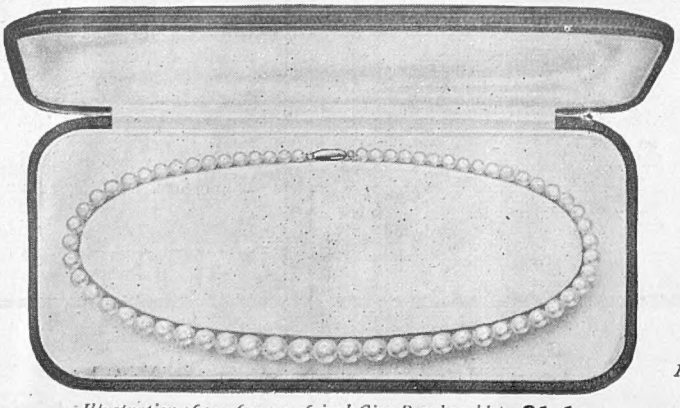


*Illustration of our famous 16-inch Ciro Pearl necklet—***£1 1s.**
Other lengths at 1s. 4d. per inch.

Beautiful Single Ciro Pearl Ring on gold or platinette mount.
£1 : 1s.

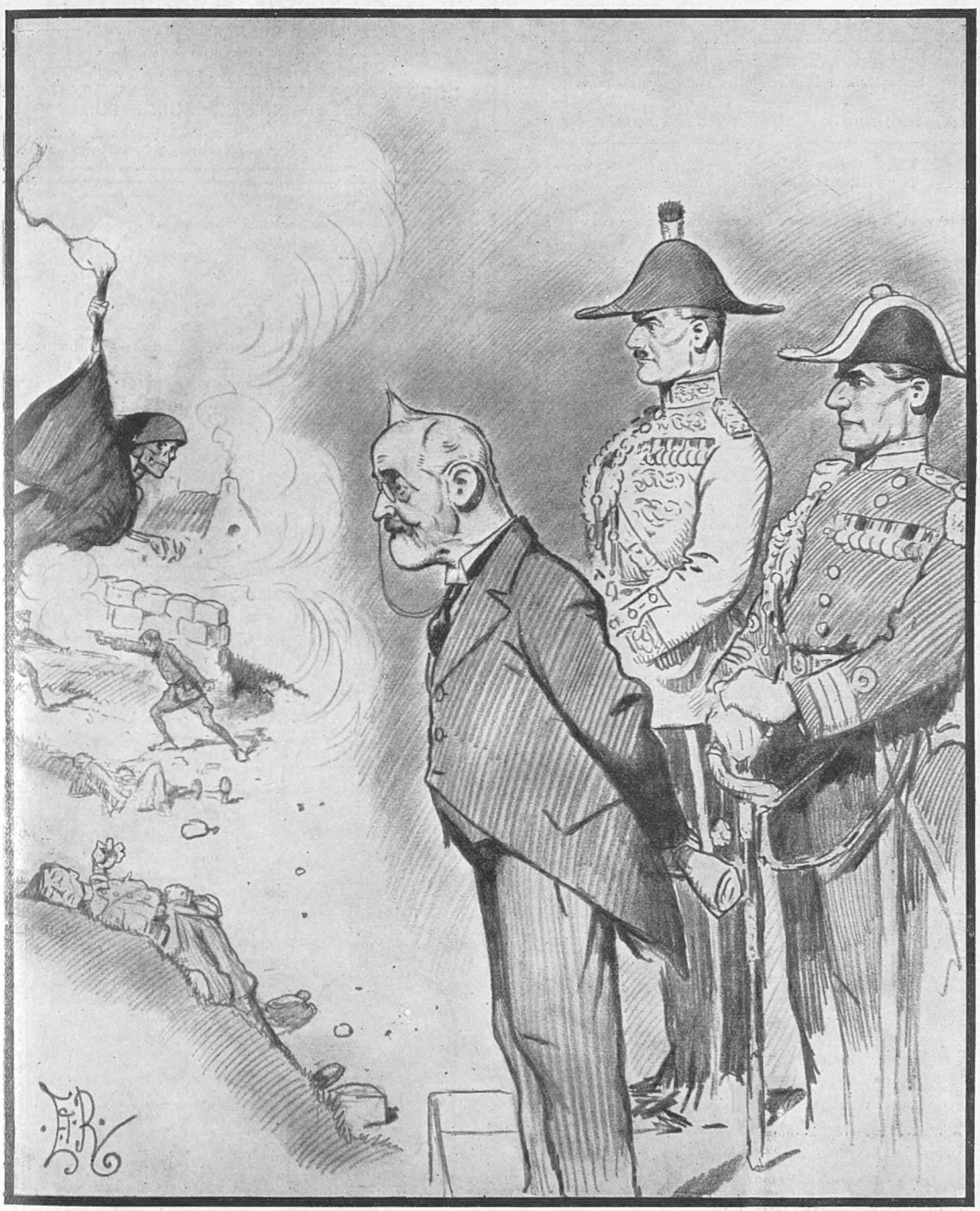
Round or Pear-shaped Drop Ear-rings. Solid gold mounts.
£1 : 1s. *per pair.*

Distinctive platinette Brooch, with 3 Ciro Pearls.
£1 : 1s.

Fine solid gold Half-hoop Ring with 5 Ciro Pearls
£1 : 1s.

The Bystander, December 20, 1922 No. 994. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER



BY E. T. REED

A GIANT'S TASK

Governor-General "Tim" envisages a somewhat cheerless outlook with characteristic courage. And our best wishes go with him

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45. GROCK and "PARTNER," MURIEL GEORGE and ERNEST BUTCHER in Old Folk Songs MARGARET HALSTAN and CO., Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886.) THE ISLAND KING. NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS & SATS. at 2.15. W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark. XMAS MATS. DAILY in XMAS WEEK (except Friday) & NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15. Xmas Mats., December 26th to January 1st inclusive. THE LADY OF THE ROSE. Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Blanche Tomlin.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus. The ROBERT EVETT Production. NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. EXTRA MATINÉES, BOXING DAY and NEW YEAR'S DAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat. at 2.30. Xmas Mats., Dec. 26, 29 & Jan. 1. THE LAUGHING LADY. Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

NEW. (Reg. 4466). Nightly at 8.30. First Mats., Saturday and Boxing Day at 2.30. THE GREAT WELL by Alfred Sutro. MATHESON LANG, Laura Cowie, Mary Jerrold, Reginald Owen.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482). Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Mon, Wed. & Sat, at 2.30. THE CO-OPTIMISTS, (5th Programme).

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

P&O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C. B. E.

Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.**

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS'**, 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

Winter Service Tests Boot Quality

IT'S THEN THE

FIFE

PROVES ITSELF

During the Heavier Weather the Quality and Comfort of the "Fife" come as a revelation.

THIS LADY'S "FIFE"

is the best class boot made for OUTDOOR SERVICE, SPORT, GOLF, MOTORING, &c. Smartly built from finest Waterproof Leathers.

Order No. 391. Black Crome Calf ... 41/-
Order No. 392. Brown Willow Calf ... 44/-
Uppers 11½ ins. high. Thick Double Soles. Hobnailed if so desired.

Every pair upholds the "Fife" World Wide reputation for honest dependable service.

Carr. paid in U.K. Foreign postage extra. Can be had in all sizes. Send size or outline of foot and P.O.O.

Trial order proves the "Fife" merit.
Catalogue of "Fife" Footwear sent on request.

A. T. HOGG,
No. 181 STRATHMIGLO, FIFE.
Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" Trade.

Xmas with a reference to WHISKY

THIS is the season of happiness unalloyed, festivities galore and real good fellowship.

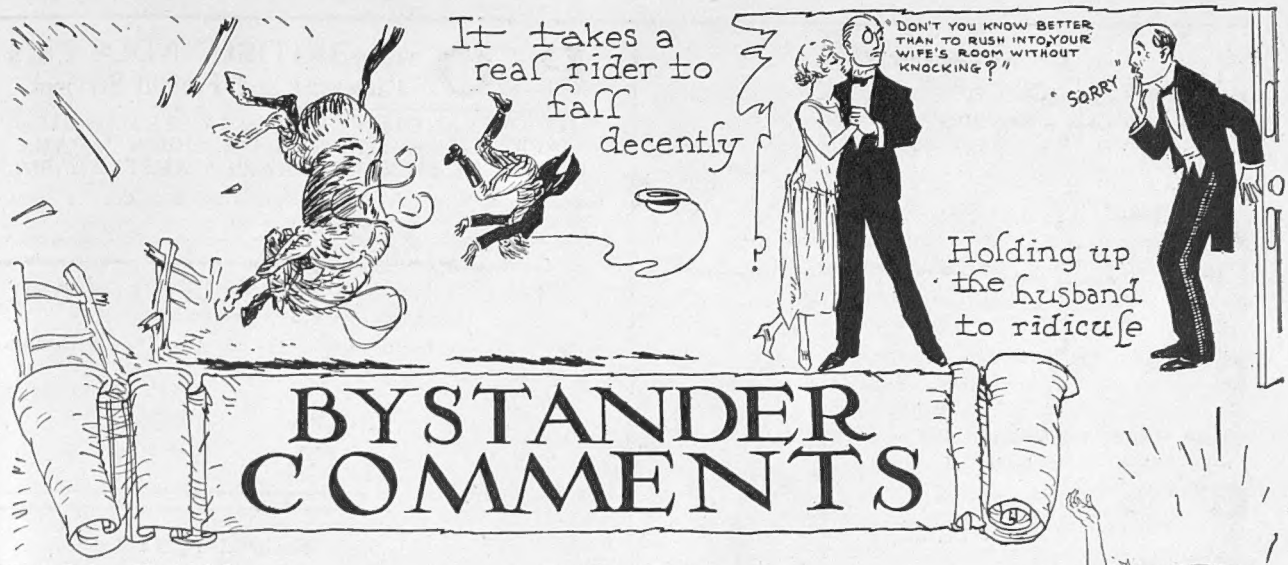
It is the season when one's Whisky *must* be good, for nowadays our friends are critical; and we should hate to think they left us with the impression that we are in need of guidance in the selection of our beverage.

But how *are* we to select our Whisky, confident in the knowledge that it *is* good? We cannot rely upon *price* to guide us.

There is such a vast difference in the quality, age and mellowness of whisky to-day that there is but one *safe* method of selecting a brand. It is the old, tested method of clinging to a whisky with a reputation. Drink the brand that our fathers drank—Sandy Macdonald—and you will get the finest whisky that Scotland produces.

SANDY MACDONALD
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS (Distillers) LTD.,
Highland Malt Distillers,
Leith-London-Aberdeen.



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

What Price Kinlark?

I WAS prepared to hear that the Prince of Wales was taking up the jumping game, for he attended the Newbury meeting and then went over to Wroughton to visit Aubrey Hastings. "The next thing you'll hear," said my host, "will be that Kinlark will be sent to Wroughton to be trained"—and so it proved to be. I don't say that Kinlark is the stuff of which Grand National winners are made, but if the material is there, Aubrey Hastings is the man to turn out the finished article.

On Taking a Toss

IT is an old axiom of the hunting field that anyone can learn to ride, but it takes a real rider to fall decently. Quite a number of clever horsemen are proving the truth of this seasonable statement, and the Prince himself has taken a toss on quite a creditable number of occasions. By the way, I dreamt last night that the Prince rode Kinlark at Aintree, and was the only one to finish. No wonder the policeman at the corner came along to see if anything was wrong in our house!

The "Bull" and the "Swan"

THE news that burglars recently broke into Hatherop Castle will have turned the thoughts of all good fishermen to the happy valley of the Fairford Coln, for Hatherop lies between the "Bull" and the "Swan" where such good fishermen do most resort. The patron saint of the "Bull" at Fairford is Mr. Busby, while the patron saint of the "Swan" at Bibury is also Mr. Busby—son of the aforesaid. And further, so that you may be in possession of *all* the facts of the case, let me quote a little jingle-joke peculiar to those parts:

> Hatherop, Southerop,
> Eastleach and Boutherop,
> All begins with "A."

Further Facts

BUT the vale of the Coln is not famous alone for its Burglars, its Busbys, and its Bull Hotel. The Fairford Church windows are the most famous in the country; Arlington Row has figured more frequently in the Royal Academy than Old Shoreham Bridge and Amberley Village put together, and the author of *The Cenci* wrote a very beautiful poem while sitting on the flat tombstone of one of my ancestors in Lechlade churchyard. Good morning!

That Wicked Woman

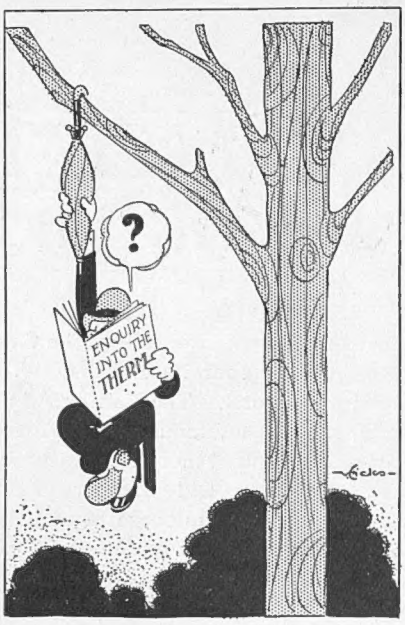
THE emancipation of modern wives received a decided set-back when Mr. Justice Horridge decided that the action of the married woman who entertained a married man (not her husband) to supper was open to the gravest censure.

A Word for Husbands

HOWEVER, I am supporting Mr. Justice Horridge on the broad issue. There has been a lot of silly and cynical stuff said and sung about marriage of late. The revues have been full of nasty and not-too-clever little sketches making light of matrimonial obligations, and holding up the unfortunate husband to ridicule. It isn't very difficult to poke fun at the poor devil who pays the rent and buys the Sunday joint. He labours under so many disadvantages that he is bound to be the juggins of the piece—until the poor worm turns with a handful of tar and a horse-whip. And even then he doesn't cut a very dignified figure.

An Old Novelty

WONDERFUL new discoveries are being made every day. A young English actor playing in America has actually made a record of his own voice on a "small metal record, double-sided, and coated with some composition." This is placed on the gramophone, "and as it revolves, the sender shouts his message into the sound box." Isn't that marvellous! I did the same thing fifteen years ago. I made a record for my love—and on the way, I dropped it. Fortunately, the great secret has not been lost.



By Victor Hicks

THE NEW MONKEY TRICK

Or, the gas consumer up-a-tree

New Wine and Old Bottles

THERE is a lack of consistency about some of our progressive friends who clamour for a new England while regretting the passing of the old. My bright little evening paper which is not noticeably sympathetic towards the woes of the new poor, suddenly discovers that: "It is sad to find that Sir ————, Bart., is selling his beautiful old house, ————, with its antique furniture and oriental works of art. It has been in the family since the middle of the eighteenth century." I don't question the sorrow of the writer—I share it myself—but if my bright little evening paper insists on putting new wine into old bottles, it mustn't be surprised if the old bottle soon begins to show signs of wear and tear. They can't have it both ways.

Facing Both Ways

THE new order of things would be so splendid if it didn't mean the passing of the old, and quite a lot of people will wake up to find, with a shock, that the new England is not exactly the England of their dreams. Possibly the game is worth the candle—I couldn't say—but don't let us shed crocodile tears at the funeral of the man we have killed. You remember the cynical answer of the Angel to the man who wanted to be young again, but wanted, also, to keep his wife and son:

The Angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew—
"The man would be a boy again
And be a father, too!"

THE RISING SUN By Victor Hicks

Rip Van Winkle awakes

A Friendly Lead

HARRY PRESTON, the uncrowned king of Brighton, has been at it again. This time, he has raised £5,000 for the local hospitals, and has done more to advertise the town than the local Publicity Association has accomplished in the whole period of its existence. Something will have to be done about Harry Preston—things can't be allowed to drift on like this. Every year he keeps piling up the debt of obligation, and if Brighton doesn't get a move on, they will stand condemned of a lack of appreciation unequalled in the annals of local government. Why not place the Freedom of the Borough in an empty champagne bottle and arrange for it to be washed ashore opposite the Royal Albion Hotel? If Brighton doesn't make a move, they will find London giving them a friendly lead in the matter.

To Encourage the Others

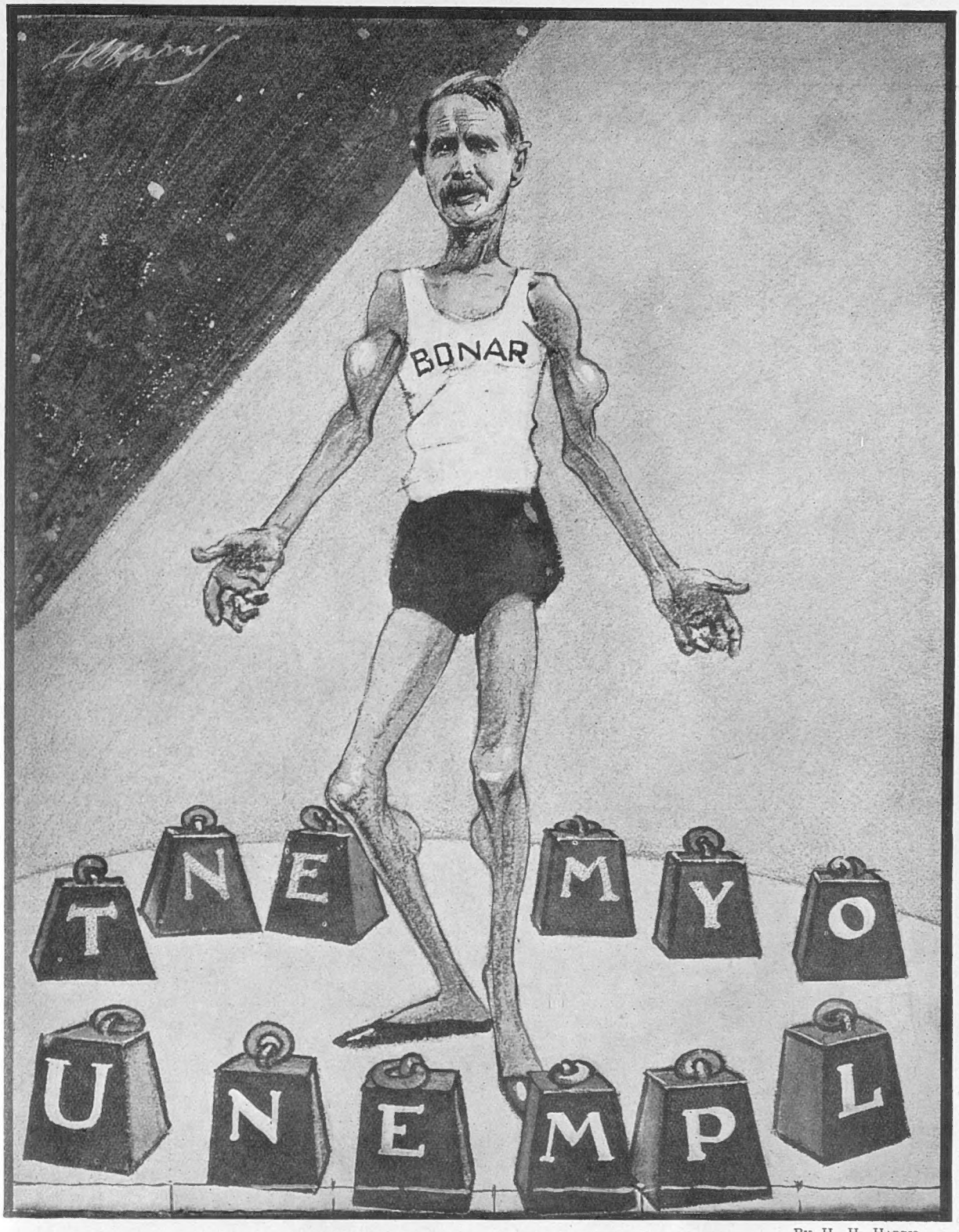
WHILE we have been sitting round bemoaning the absence of English musical shows, the British National Opera Company has come forward with an offer of a prize for the book of a new English Opera. The suggestion is creditable even if the offer is inadequate. The company will pay £50 and royalties for the best home-made libretto, and it is obvious that the intending competitor will have to be blessed with private means before he can afford to embark on the enterprise. Still, it is a step in the right direction, and it may encourage some wealthy enthusiast to form a syndicate and make a business-like offer to certain competent craftesmen—author, composer and producer—whose qualifications must be perfectly well known in musical circles.

Stage Sums

WHAT a lot of futile rubbish is talked about the immense sums made by anyone connected, in any capacity, with the stage. Of course, we know that £1,000 a week is very usual remuneration for a comedian, but we aren't all comedians, more's the pity. Extraordinary stories used to go round about the royalties drawn by the late Walter Howard when his plays were filling the Lyceum, and the vast sums made by Albert de Courville while he was presenting those big revues at the Hippodrome, yet the former leaves £5,000, and the latter "estimates his liabilities at £100,000." It is true that a lot of money changes hands, but very little of it seems to stick!

Cheap at the Price

I KNOW it's frightfully immoral of me, but my sympathies went out to the wicked man who travelled without a ticket in order to get his own back on a railway company. Is there a



CHRISTMAS "WEIGHTS" By H. H. Harris

single person living in these islands who hasn't got a legitimate grievance against the railways? Of course, there isn't! You pay your fare, and when you can't find the ticket, a smiling official assures you that the company will refund you the money if you apply for it in the proper quarters. Do travellers *ever* ask for their money back? Of course, they don't! And out of the station drifts a disgruntled individual bursting to get his own back. Well, if you want to try, it will cost you 20*s*. and 10*s*. 6*d*. costs—cheap at the price.

Continuing in *The Graphic* his account of his wonderful big game hunting expedition in the heart of Africa, Prince William of Sweden says of the pygmies: Unlike the men of many other African tribes, the pygmy husband rarely allows himself the luxury of maintaining more than one wife, three or more rarely, if ever, being heard of. Likewise, his offspring seldom consists of more than two children. The pygmy makes a tolerably good husband, too, but, like some civilised husbands, he is not averse on occasions from administering corporal punishment, whenever he deems it deserved.

Behold Them, the Blues!—

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

—Or, Rather, Some of Them

Who took part in the 'Varsity "Soccer" match at the Crystal Palace last Wednesday. Unfortunately for Cambridge, Claude Ashton, their captain and the mainstay of their attack, was prevented by an injury from playing, and his place was taken by I. M. Sorensen, but despite this handicap they managed to follow the example of their "Rugger" confrères and finished victors of a hard-fought game, with two goals to nothing

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *I. B.*

ON A ROYAL INSPECTION

The Duke of York in his capacity of Group-Captain R.A.F., watching the march past during his visit to the new R.A.F. station at Halton, near Wendover. His Royal Highness celebrated his 27th birthday last week

The Prince and the Back Numbers

I DON'T suppose for one moment that the Prince of Wales intended a slap—not even a pat—against those who are always crabbing the present time and present-time folk, and belauding a previous generation, in his speech at the Royal Automobile Club half-jubilee dinner. But what he said was a tactful reminder to reactionary folk that the world doesn't stand still.

The reactionary people who want everything to be "as you were" don't realise the enormous changes into which young men of the Prince's age were born. H.R.H. put the difference in a sentence: "To-night the Royal Automobile Club is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, and this fact has reminded me that my contemporaries and myself, who began life at just about the same time as the R.A.C., are very fortunate in a way I have not realised before—I mean in being born at the beginning of a new age, the age of petrol and automobility."

This is the opinion of a young man who has seen more of the world and its people than any other young men of his age in the Kingdom. I hope the hide-bound old-fashioned folk who bore us by their diatribes in the newspapers, and their preachments at dinner-parties, will ponder over the Prince's following words:

"The transport of ourselves and of the things that we need affects every one of us every day of our lives from the cradle to the grave, or perhaps it might be more appropriate for me to say, from the perambulator to the hearse. There is nobody, however much they regret what they call old days, who could possibly deny that matters have, in the last quarter of a century, radically changed in the transport world, and changed for the better. I have said that motoring has had many critics, and they have asserted all its disadvantages, and have said that the world was a much better place when there were no motors. That's where my generation scores, because we never knew those happy days, and are blissfully ignorant of all that we have missed."

"Blissfully ignorant" is a delicious touch. If the clamourers for "as you were" would only cast their thoughts back to their own youth they, too, would remember that they themselves were "blissfully ignorant" of a variety of things which made the code of their preceding generation.

Have any of the reactionaries tied a white kid glove on their door-knocker when a son or daughter has been born to them, or put a hatchment—the family coat of arms painted on a big bit of canvas—over the front door when there was a death in the family? Not one of them.

But their fathers and mothers did it. And these very same fathers and mothers railed at them when they dropped the customs because our reactionaries were "new-fashioned," just as they in their turn rail at the "goings-on," and "dashing-about" of the present generation.

Photograph *Keystone*

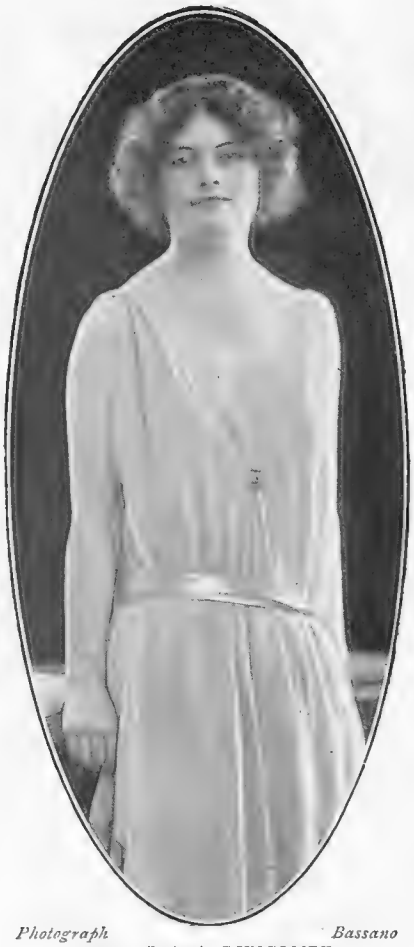
LORD AND LADY LASCELLES

H.R.H. Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles leaving Christ Church, Down Street, after morning service. Princess Mary visited Londonderry House last week with Her Majesty the Queen, and there made some Christmas purchases from the sale of work done by disabled men of the War Service Legion, an organisation in which she takes a live interest

Photograph *Alfieri*

LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Who have just returned from America, where they spent their honeymoon. In the background can be seen part of the stately entrance to Broadlands, the Hampshire home of Colonel Ashley, Lady Louis Mountbatten's father, where they are at present staying



Photograph *Bassano*

LADY DIANA DUNCOMBE

Only sister of the Earl of Feversham, one of the lovely Flowers in the "Living Nosegay" which was such a charming feature of the Ball given at Claridge's last Monday by her grandmother, Lady Helmsley

Your Evelyn, your Pepys, your Sheridan, and your Walpole will tell you that exactly the same things were said by the older generation of the younger in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There's a whole literature of such diatribes in the nineteenth. Nothing changes anywhere. I expect the elders of Babylon and Egypt voiced the same sentiments—we know they did in ancient Rome.

But the Prince has taken his stand beneath the banner of Youth and the Rising Generation. That is all that concerns us.

Brush or Scalpel?

THE death of Mrs. Asher Wertheimer brings some of Sargent's finest portraits into the possession of the nation. They are the portraits of herself, of her two daughters, and of her late husband, left to her for her lifetime.

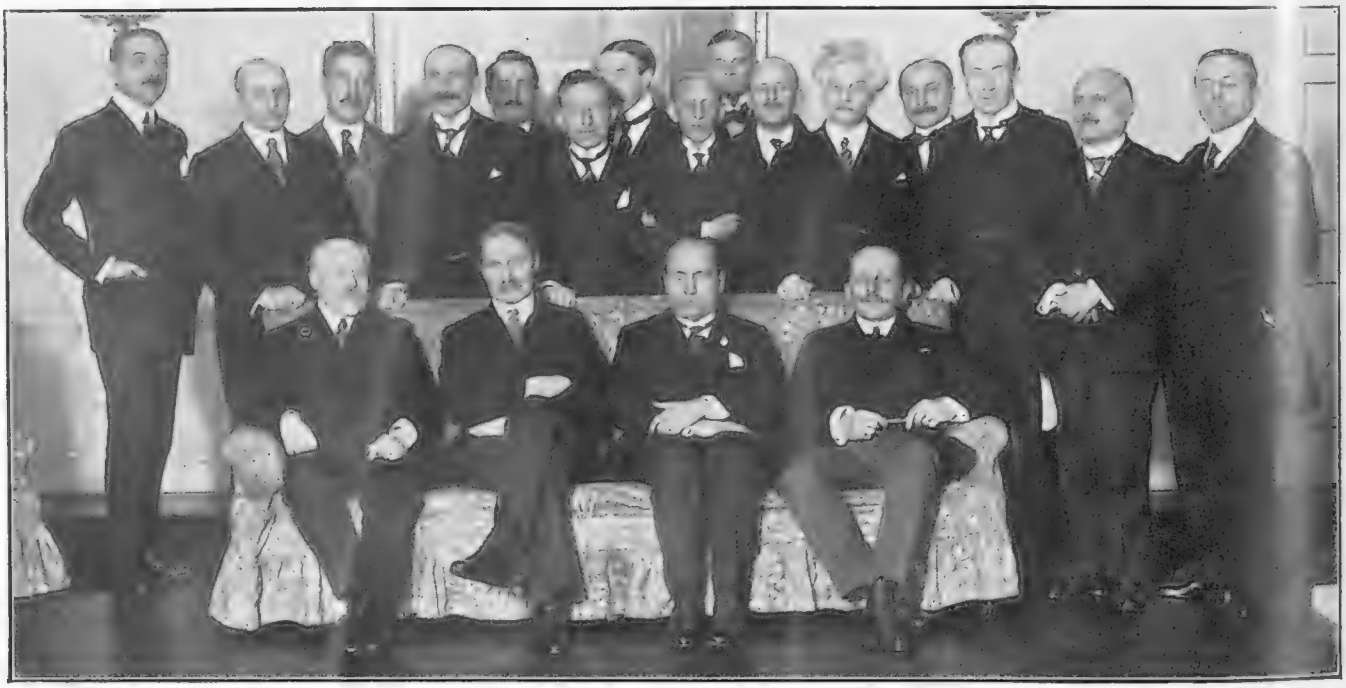
Mr. Asher Wertheimer was the first of his family to sit to Sargent. The portrait was the sensation of the Royal Academy Exhibition in which it was hung. The painter had used the scalpel as well as the brush. Crowds gathered round the picture every day. By the sitter's side was a poodle with one eye closed in a wink, so suggestive, so explanatory, that one wondered how the sitter could have been so blind as to allow the portrait to be shown.

Sargent has an uncanny power. Some of his portraits tell you exactly what you have thought of his sitters, yet have not put into words even to yourself. He himself, I think, is unconscious of this power. Once he painted a portrait of a woman of my acquaintance. One had always vaguely felt that she was hard, rather cruel, and conscious of great wealth and the position the wealth had brought her. Yet it would have been unjust and unfair to say so, because she never

Photograph *P. & A.*

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AT CHEQUERS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Baldwin with their eldest daughter, Mrs. Gordon Monroe, and her husband, Miss Leonora Baldwin and Miss Elsie Kipling, the daughter of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Chancellor's cousin, in the garden at Chequers. Mr. Baldwin has taken his residence until the early summer, when Mr. Bonar Law hopes to be ready to go to his official seat



Photograph] **THE ALLIED PREMIERS IN LONDON** [*I. B.*

A group taken at No. 10 Downing Street last week of the Allied prime ministers and their staffs, who have recently sat in solemn conclave on the vexed question of German reparations. President Poincaré, Mr. Bonar Law, Signor Mussolini and Monsieur Theunis are seen seated on the chesterfield.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT BALL

Held at Shardeloes, Amersham, the residence of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, M.F.H. In the picture can be seen: Lady Chesham, Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, the Hon. Eric. and Mrs. Long, the Hon. Monica Grenfell, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Captain and Mrs. Kingscote, Major H. M. Wilson, the M.F.H. and his wife, and Mr. Wyatt

ave any indication of this in speech r bearing.

The portrait said these things as learly as if they had been spoken.

Sargent saw his portrait some years ater. I don't know whether he letected the characteristics his brush ad put upon the canvas, but, at ny rate, he expressed great dis-atisfaction with it, and painted the ady again.

The second portrait was more xplicit than the first, and the artist as right, for the lady had proved her ardness and cruelty and her pride f purse.

Hunt Balls

JANUARY will burst with hunt balls. Here's the list. The Oakley, Warwickshire and Shrewsbury on the oth; the Beaufort at Chippenl am n the 11th; Essex Union at Chelms ord, Cheshire at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, Garth at Wokingham, Portnan, and North Cotswold on the 12th; Earl Fitzwilliam's, Worcestershire, Eridge, Taunton Vale and West Somerset, Radnorshire and West Hereford, and Middleton on the 16th; Vale of White Horse (Lord Bathurst's) and Sinnington on the 17th; Dorset, United Counties' (Market Harborough), and South Oxfordshire on the 18th; Blankney and East Kent on the 19th; Blackmore on the 24th; Melton Mowbray on the 25th; Cotswold on the 26th. So far as I know, only one hunt ball will be given in London. This is the ball of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles, which will take place at Prince's on January 12.

Photograph *Photo Illust.*

WITH THE ERIDGE AT GROOMBRIDGE, SUSSEX

Marchioness Camden, with her daughter Lady Irene Pratt, at the meet of the Eridge, of which her father, Lord Henry Neville, is the Master

A Word to Kindly Relatives

TIME and the tax-collector bring odd changes. A man I know has three nieces married to men oppressed by the income-tax. It has been his kindly custom for years to give each niece a piece of jewellery for a Christmas present. This year he has offered them the choice of jewellery or their cooks' wages for a year. They have all chosen the wages. Wise women!

This opens a vista to relatives of kind intention. What a big help it would be—a gorgeous Santa Claus coming down the chimney—if the relations of a newly married couple gave them their servants' wages for a whole year as a Christmas present. Aunts and uncles clubbing together could do it easily; or if they could only pool together for one servant that would be of far greater satisfaction and help than a string of beads or a box of pocket-handkerchiefs from each one.

Aunts and uncles of lesser means could pay the window-cleaning bill

for a year as their contribution to the Christmas stocking. Anyone with imagination can go on *ad infinitum*.

People have such scanty imagination in the matter of gifts. Things are poured upon households that are useless and call for extra work to keep clean when the same money would take one wrinkle from the brow of a worried housewife and ease her husband's cheque-book if it were applied to some domestic need.

Of what avail is a diamond brooch when you have to pinch to provide the parlourmaid's wages? So, uncles and aunts of means and kind hearts, take the hint of your Bystander.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

THE HON. MRS. CARRINGTON AND HER TWO CHILDREN

The Hon. Mrs. Carrington is the younger daughter of Lord Colville, who was at one time Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, and a grand-daughter of the first Viscount Colville, for thirty years Queen Victoria's Lord Chamberlain. Her husband, Captain Rupert Carrington, is in the Grenadier Guards

The Bath, the Habit, and the Man

A multi-bulti-war-enriched profiteer was showing a humble friend of pre-prosperous days over the stately mansion that opportunity, a superfluity of pennies, and an expensive architect had given him.

In the bathroom he pointed out the gold mosaics on the walls, the marble floor, the porcelain bath, the silver taps, and a hot-water rail hung with towels. The friend gasped with admiration.

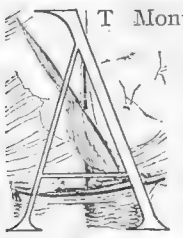
"Ah!" said the multi-prosperous one, "you can understand, Bill, can't yer, how I looks forward to Saturday night now?"

Victorian Photographs

A visit to the Victorian-Age Exhibition, which Messrs. Elliott and Fry have arranged in their new galleries in Baker Street, leaves one conviction in my mind—women will never go back to the hoops and bands of the '70's and '80's, and dresses with yards upon yards of material. Some of the dresses in Messrs. Elliott and Fry's old photographs have as much on the floor as on their wearers' backs. In the first place, such garments would make buses impossible, and women couldn't walk very far, and, in the second, small flats have arisen since that period, and three women, each wearing one of the be-trained and be-bustled dresses, would simply cover the whole floor of the drawing-room in the average-sized flat.

It is a most interesting exhibition of distinguished folk of Victorian times. Messrs. Elliott and Fry have arranged it from their wonderful collection. You should go to see it if only to rejoice that women nowadays have eschewed long trailing garments in the daytime. All the bygone beauties are there—Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis-West and others—and all the men of distinction.

The Riviera Week by Week



At Monte Carlo the gala dinners and dances at the Café de Paris in the evening are very gay and attended by many Americans. Among others often there are Mrs. Stuart and her charming daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochfoucauld, Comte J. di Carpegna (one of Italy's best partners, either at tennis or in the dance), and Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley and his wife and daughter. These last, and Mr. and Mrs. Macchetti d'Allegri, were among Mrs. Spreckles' guests at her lunch to meet the Duke of Connaught.

Miss Victoria Campbell, at her flat in the Château de Plaisance, is giving a series of her charming lunches, and among her guests recently were: Lord and Lady Mar, Sir Frederick and Lady Treves, Lady Delmé Radcliffe, Major and Mrs. Pollitt, and Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell. Mrs. Underwood French, Mrs. Pryce Mitchell, Miss Bacon and Mrs. Edulf Swinton have entertained their friends at tea recently. Mrs. Swinton expects her brother, Sir James Gardiner Baird, shortly. Many of his friends have been delighted to welcome the Reverend R. Jamblin, who is wintering here this season, and who, despite his eighty-one years, is singing his old English songs as cheerily as ever. Mrs. Chadwick—one of the oldest residents here—has sold her Villa Ann and has taken a flat in the Parc Palace. Her son is training for the opera under Signor Pandolfini at Nice. His first appearance at Aix-les-Bains as Scarpia in *La Tosca* this autumn was a great success.

A golf secretary has perforce to talk in the papers about the Royalties and Grand Ducs, etc., who love sport on the Riviera. One day a good-natured Eastern potentate of the rank of Most Serene Highness cautioned a new secretary not to forget the "Serinissime" as "it is veree, veree scarce." And *apropos* of golf, it was pleasing to see the handsome Grand Duc Nicholas at La Turbie the other day, safe and sound after his thrilling adventures in Russia.

At St. Raphael the hotels are rapidly filling up, and the season, as at practically every other Riviera town, has begun much

Photograph *Le Noir*

A VILLA ON THE RIVIERA

Lady Alan Johnstone, formerly Miss Antoinette Pinchot of New York, and wife of Sir Alan Johnstone, G.C.V.O., a former secretary to the legation at Copenhagen, on the verandah of her charming villa, "La Farigoule," at La Napoule

Bystander Exclusive Photograph

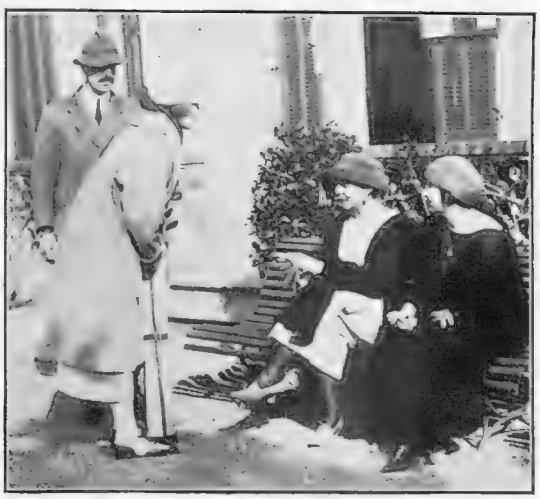
THE SUNSHINE SEASON OPENS

And with it blossom forth all the lawn tennis courts and golf courses along the Côte D'Azur! Our picture shows the Parc Impérial Tennis Courts at Nice

earlier than last year. Lord and Lady Brownlow, Admiral H. Hammond, Lord Sterndale, Lady Violet Brassey, Lady Muriel Beckwith, Sir Hamnet and Lady Share, Lady Palmer, Sir George and Lady Murray, Lady Johnson Ferguson, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Stopford, Lady Mandleberg, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pratt Lyman, of New York, and Viscountess Trafalgar are among the recent arrivals.

THE Crown Prince of Sweden, travelling *incognito* as the Count Gripsholm, and attended only by Count Hamilton, has come to visit his father-in-law, the Duke of Connaught, at the villa of the latter on Cap Ferrat. Very few of the general public had any idea he was coming, though the King of Sweden will soon be at Nice according to his usual custom, but Monsieur A. Bernard, the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, was at the railway station to offer a welcome on behalf of the authorities and residents.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, whose *Riviera of the Corniche Road* is quite the most popular and entertaining of all books on this region, is staying at the Hotel Imperial at Menton with Lady Treves and their daughter, Lady Delme-Radcliffe, wife of Brig.-General Sir Charles Delme-Radcliffe, formerly British Military Attaché at Rome. Lady Scott-Gatty also arrived at Menton in time for the official opening fête of the season, when open-air concerts and a gala at the Casino gathered together a very cheery crowd of visitors from all parts.



Photograph *E. Navello*

THE GRAND DUC CYRIL OF RUSSIA

His Serene Highness is a keen golfer—hence his presence at Cannes. Cannes you blame him?

Photograph *Le Noir*

THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT CANNES

Mr. John Gray Taylor, the popular British Vice-Consul at Cannes, and his wife. Mrs. Taylor is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Fane, K.C.B. Mr. Taylor's grandfather, the late John Taylor, M.V.O., was one of the real founders of Cannes and a well-known and respected figure in the early days of the town's popularity

MRS. E. WALTER, who spends each winter at her beautiful Château de Saint Clair at Hyères, has arrived in Cannes, and is the guest of Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone at their Villa La Farigoule.

We hear that Mr. Richard Sullivan, relative of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan will come out this season on his yacht, the *Amaryllis*. Mr. Sullivan, in company with Mr. Arnold Bennett, the well-known writer, spent last season here, and took several short cruises on board the *Amaryllis*.

Photograph *E. Navello*

"FAR FROM THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE"

Mrs. Winston Churchill on the courts at Monte Carlo. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill are spending the winter at Villa Rêve d'Or, where, it is hoped, Mr. Churchill will make a speedy recovery after his recent illness

WARM, delightful sunshine is what greets the arrival here. Christmas is not far off, and we are reminded here of that fact when we see the thousands of baskets of flowers which are being shipped daily to London for the Christmas market. These beautiful and heavily scented flowers will find their way into the homes of many whose only hope of seeing the Riviera this season will be through the medium of the Riviera pictures in THE BYSTANDER. Truly unfortunate are those who cannot enjoy the beauties of the Riviera!

Princess Christian of Hesse, formerly Miss Elizabeth Reed Rogers, of New York, has had to postpone her visit to the Riviera for a few weeks, due to illness, but expects to arrive the latter part of this month.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Mayor of Nice,

Messieurs Famechon (manager of the Office National de Tourisme) and Bernard (the Prefect of the Alpes Maritime) were on the station at Nice two sunny Sundays ago to greet representatives of all the important French and British railway companies, who, together with Sir Davison Dalziel, M.P., the President of the Sleeping Car Company's Board of Management, paid a flitting week-end visit to the Côte d'Azure. The party travelled down from Calais and Paris in two new trains—the very last word in luxury and comfort—with which the International Sleeping Car Company have just inaugurated their new express service between Calais and Ventimille. The Duke of Connaught was much impressed by the luxurious appointments of the new cars, the single-bed compartments, with hot and cold water, and the separate *salons de toilette*, as well as by the exceedingly good run—from Calais less than twenty hours is all that is required by this express *de luxe*.

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"WHAT do you discard from, partner?" asked the fierce one, as he collected his cards.

"Mostly from *fright*," replied the nervous player.

. . . . .

Discards are sent to try us and they do.

Don't think they do not matter very much. They do. Frequently they make the difference between saving and losing game. It is very trying to have to discard to a long suit at no trumps, but remember that, though it may not seem to matter to you how and what you play, it may matter very much to your partner. Help him all you can by showing him what you have got. If you have a suit with an ace, "echo" by playing first a high one and then a low one. He will then know that he can discard that suit with impunity leaving you to take care of it.

. . . . .

Should your hand appear worthless show a suit of four by echoing even though it be only headed by the nine. The knowledge that you hold four of the suit will often be a valuable guide to your partner in his forced discards. Watch what he throws and try to keep something in the suit in which he is weak or deficient. When you see yourself faced with three or four discards, let your first be from the suit you do not want led, and on your second start your "echo." Don't discard from fright.

. . . . .

When the declaration is no-trumps, and you hold four or more of your partner's suit, play the second best on first round and third best on second round. This is both to unblock, and to show the number you hold.

Quite simple, but how many players, even experienced players, fail to do it.

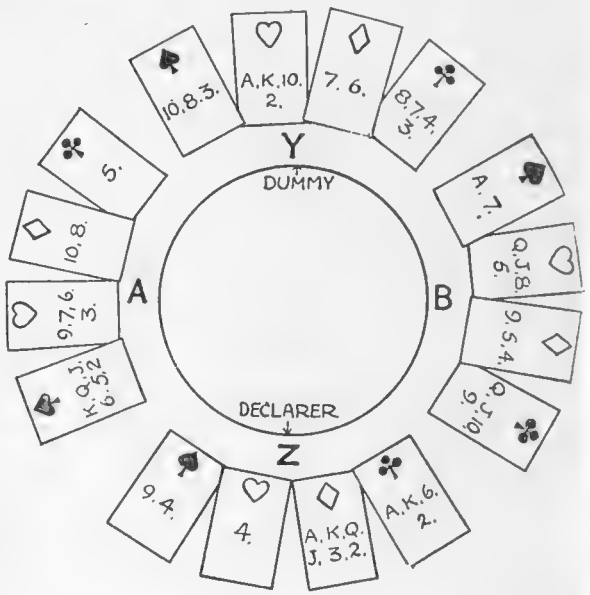
. . . . .

"Echo? What do you mean by 'echo'? Never heard of it," said a player to his partner who had reproached him for not showing four of his suit.

"An echo," replied his partner, "is the repetition of sound caused by a sound-wave coming against an opposing surface. *You are the opposing surface all right.*"

. . . . .

Here is a case of forcing discards from a hand that occurred in actual play, and recorded by Mr. Denison, an American. Score love all. Z bids four diamonds and is left with it. The hands were:



King of Spades was opened by A, and followed by a small spade taken by B. At trick 3, B leads Queen of Clubs, which Z takes with ace. Z has ten reasonably sure tricks, but to go game cannot allow adversaries to take another trick. His only chance for the extra trick is to force discards. He, therefore, leads out his six diamonds. A's discards are easy. He gets rid of his spades. But B is put in a dilemma at ninth trick. He has discarded a heart at trick 7, and 9 of clubs at trick 8. When at trick 9, Z leads 2 of diamonds, B cannot discard another heart without allowing dummy to make at least three heart tricks. His only chance is to trust his partner for King of Clubs and discard his Jack of Clubs. Z therefore makes the remainder of the tricks.

. . . . .

He had played very badly, and as he slunk from the room his erstwhile partner remarked:

"How trying it must be for his wife to be tied to him for life. I find even a fleeting partnership intolerable."

"Well," replied the wag. "Perhaps at home he is only a *sleeping* partner."

Le Monde Qui S'Amuse—at Monte Carlo

COCKTAILS BEFORE THE CASINO

Though there is evidently no need for a "monkey gland" in this exhilarating atmosphere of sun-kissed gaiety !

ON THE TERRACE

Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Eardley-Wilmot, Lady Eardley-Wilmot, and Major Percy Chapman enjoying a stroll on the Terrace before returning to déjeuner at the Louvre Hotel, where Admiral and Lady Eardley-Wilmot are staying

"JEANNETTE"

Sir Harry Livesey's yacht "Jeannette" at anchor in the harbour, Monte Carlo. Sir Harry Livesey was, until recently, Director of Contracts at the Admiralty, and is a keen and active member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club

Bystander Exclusive Photographs

WHEN FRIENDS MEET—AT MONTE

Mr. Marian Crawford (son of the authoress) and his wife take an apéritif

Sir John and Lady Parry outside the Café de Paris

Thrilling Christmases
(I Have Not Spent)

By A. P. GARLAND

EVERY Christmas Day, as I sit at my own or someone else's festive board—preferably someone else's, if I can extract an invitation—and watch the circle of happy faces gnawing drumsticks, or listen to the merry sound of the mastication of mince-pies, or, again, when I join the mad revellers at snapdragon, hunt-the-slipper, or other riotous pastimes, I cannot help contrasting the peace and homely comfort of such Christmases with some others—quite dreadful affairs, many of them. Here, I'll tell you.

I call to mind, first of all, one terrible Christmas within the Arctic Circle. It was Christmas morn, and a sinking feeling beneath our waistcoats warned even the dullest amongst us that a mealtime was overdue. Five days before we had sacrificed the last of our dogs, Stanislaus, a Pom—or was it a Pekinese? Anyhow, the aitch-bone, which was my portion, had been gristly. But for the last two days we had been living on his collar, keeping the brass studs as a souvenir of our little pet.

Then a bright thought struck me.

"Comrades," said I, "the time has come when we must sacrifice ourselves—or preferably someone else, for the common good. Let us find one amongst us who will gladly offer himself as a meal for the rest. The fattest—that is Brown—for choice. Unless Brown should object."

Brown did object. He had some excuse or other—his insurance premium wasn't paid, or he had promised to visit his aunt on her birthday. Trivial and footling, of course, but there you are. Some men think only of self. And we had all thought of Brown as a friend.

Still, it was necessary to humour him, so we cast lots. Fate would have it that Brown was the loser. In fact, I made sure of that by dealing the cards in such a way so that the best he could hope for was a deuce. Just as we were asking Brown how he would like the—er—operation performed—starving as we were, we insisted on doing things like little gentlemen—up dashed a troupe of tame Esquimaux, laden with provisions. Did we welcome them? Ask Brown.

That was a Christmas, if you like!

Almost as bad was that Christmas in the Farthest Centre of Tropical Africa.

We were camped in a swamp, six gallant members of the Tooting Rambling Club, and we had lost our way. Naked cannibals, head-hunters and stamp-collectors were pursuing us, and though we had driven them back the previous day, we could hear their shouts as they searched for us amid the jungle.

At times a cry of disappointment would reach our ears as one of the pursuers accidentally came across a tiger or a crocodile.

In the trees above us thousands of parrots, wearing the familiar colours of Aston Villa or Tottenham Hotspur, kept repeating their slogan, "Kiss Polly," whilst iguanas, ant-eaters, antirrhinums, stevedores and the like, rudely scratched themselves in the offing.

But the rest of the story is too ghastly to be told.

Let me turn to an account of a delightful Christmas in the far-famed Dixie-Land, where the coons come from.

It was way down in Old Carolina or Alabam'—none of the residents were quite sure which—and de moon was a-shining, as were the faces of millions of coal-black mammies and piccalillies or piccaninnies, who were hanging around the doors waiting to welcome back the Petes and the Sambos. Did they come? Not they. Their music-hall engagements would not permit it. How sad!

The previous evening my host, Mr. Rastus, had gone forth marketing, and had returned with a sturdy chicken and several water-melons in his arms, and a dose of gunshot in his leg, whilst the tails of his coat and some superfluous flesh had been retained as a souvenir by a dog.

What a feast that was, to be sure! All the darkeys were there, attracted by the smell of the chicken—which was about as far as any of them got with the bird. We ate, and drank, and sang, and played the bones, and then wound up the evening with an old-fashioned razor-fight, in which my host would certainly have lost an ear, but that I saw where it had fallen, and thoughtfully picking it up returned it to him with a few cheery words. That's what I call a night.

Christmas in gaol! How it brings back happy memories to many of us! The cheery voice of the warder as he bade us get up and greet the dawn by scrubbing out our cells. Then the hearty breakfast of braised skilly! the saunter in the crisp morning air around the exercise yard, some of us boasting leg-irons in addition to our close-fitting costumes of khaki, with *fleur-de-lys* insertion! Then back to the cosy little cell, where we banqueted on embalmed goat and spotted dog. Next the head-warder would give us to understand that as far as amusement was concerned we could have our pick. So we picked oakum and played "She loves me, she loves me not," until supper-time came around. I'm proud to say that in my case "She loves me" was always an easy winner. I am by way of being a good-looking fellow—haven't you noticed? Then came supper, the items on the *menu* allowing a choice of one, namely, cocoa. This we quaffed heartily, drinking the health of the warders—or maybe not, and then put on our little nighties and retired to slumber with a smile on our faces after a merry day.

I could go on for hours telling you of strange Christmases in weird places, such as the Sahara, a diving-bell, the Bankruptcy Court, a volcano, and each would be as true as any of the others. Not that I myself have ever undergone such experiences. Not likely. But I've been to the pictures heaps of times and read a lot of stories at the Free Library, and I'm sure things happen as I've described them.

It shows you, at all events, what a man may expect if he listens to the call of the wild and is reckless and that sort of thing, instead of doing as I do, namely, catching the 9.3 non-stop from Surbury to London Bridge six days a week.

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

"The world is like to gossamer, so thin, so light, so pearly pale,
And ever just behind the veil strange joys do wait. . . ."

ROSE MACAULAY

Festivity !

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

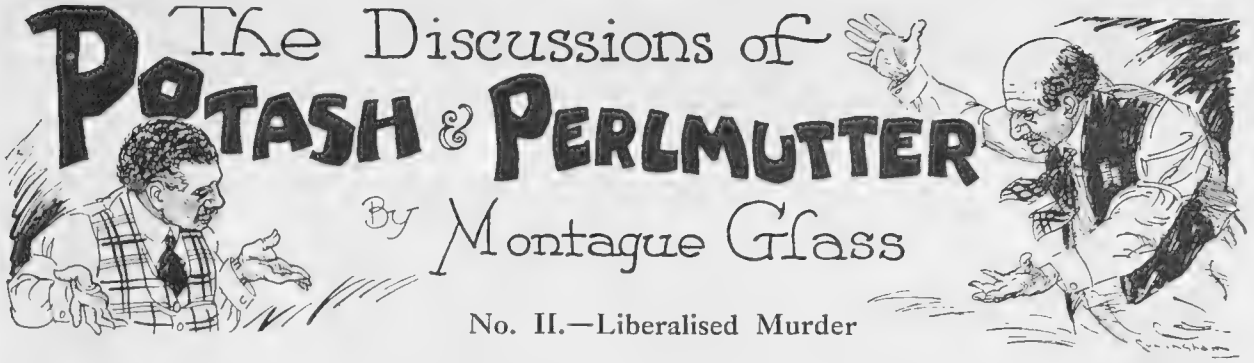
TAKING OUR PLEASURES—QUIETLY !

A picture of the average British home at 4 p.m. on Christmas Day

A New Series of Amusing Conversations, Each Complete in Itself

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass



No. II.—Liberalised Murder

"It seems, Mawruss, that the only way nowadays for detecatives to discover who committed a murder is for the murderer to make an appointment for the detecatives to meet him and the victim at the scene of the crime, and for all of them to keep it," Abe Potash remarked the other day, "which the time has gone by when a detecative could be given a button from the murderer's shirt, and turn up in ten minutes at the nearest police station with the shirt and the murderer inside of it."

"Them bygone times only existed in detecative stories, Abe," Morris Perlmutter said, "which if this here Sherlock Holmes had been working for the New York Department, y'understand, he would have been sued so many times for false arrest, that after the first two chapters, he wouldn't have had money enough left to buy himself so much as a five grain aspirin tablet let alone an outfit of dope needles."

A Motive in the Elwell Case

"Take the case of this here bridge whist expert, Elwell, and although it's already two years since the crime, the police didn't even discover a motive for it," said Abe, meditatively.

"Probably it was done by someone who doubled a one no trump bid when Elwell was his partner, and the deceased didn't take him out in his strongest suit," Morris suggested.

"Then, again," Abe said, "there was Taylor the moving picture director, in Los Angeles, and for all the police got even a clue at to who done it, y'understand, it might just so well have been any one of the million people in this country who is sore at moving picture directors on account of seeing the same picture over and over again with different titles, but the same moving picture actors."

"Well, motives is very poor clues to go on in the case of murders, Abe," Morris said. "For instance, if Sammet Brothers should be found poisoned or something to-morrow, yet, considering the way them two crooks stole one of our best Chicago accounts away from us last week by imitating our style 4022 and cutting the price on us five dollars a garment, understand me, the police would be

"The police would be quite right in arresting you"

quite right in arresting you and me on suspicion, and especially *you* on account of what you called Leon Sammet when you met him in Wasserbauer's yesterday."

"Well, what should I call such a highbinder?" Abe demanded.

Some Crime an Improvement

"Say, for my part, I think in the circumstances that the names you called him was compliments, Abe, but at the same time, Abe, such remarks is considered evidence by detecatives, and if it wouldn't be that you've got a perfect alibi on account of your wife being able to drag you out of the house to go to a show only every sixth Saturday night, y'understand, you could easy be arrested for such a murder as Sammet Brothers," Morris said.

"It's my opinion that such a crime would be a big improvement to the community at that, Mawruss," Abe remarked.

"Most criminals think the same way about the crimes they have committed, Abe," Morris said. "A crook that smashes a jeweller's window and steals a dozen diamond rings, y'understand, will probably explain to his conscience, if he has any, that he's learning a lesson to the community not to make a vulgar display of diamond rings. In, fact, the chances is that a crook like that would be in favour of having the jeweller arrested and charged with letting twelve diamond rings being stolen on him."

"Detecatives must be in favour of it, too, because seemingly that's the only way that detecatives could make an arrest when a crime is committed nowadays," Abe declared.

A National No-Murder Week

"Well, they might arrest the victims of other crimes, but certainly not the victims of murders, Abe, so the only thing for such detecatives to do, if they want to make an arrest in a case like this here New Jersey murder, is to arrest the witnesses, the widow, the executors, and the owner of the property where the crime was committed upon the grounds that he failed to put up a notice reading:

COMMIT NO MURDERS
ON THESE PREMISES.
THIS MEANS *YOU*.

because *something* has got to be done to discourage murders, Abe," Morris said.

"Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have a *National No Murder Week*?" Abe suggested.

"I doubt if you could reach murderers that way," Morris said. "As a class, Abe, murderers seems to be very retiring, and it would be practically impossible to get them to march in a parade or wear buttons."

"Then maybe the detecatives would do the marching and the button-wearing," Abe said.

"Well, I wouldn't altogether blame the detecatives for murder being so conviction-proof nowadays, Abe," Morris said. "Lawyers has also got a good deal to do with the fact that even after a murderer has been arrested and put on trial he could practically be considered a preferred risk from a life insurance standpoint.

"A lawyer who can't keep a murderer in the comfort of a condemned cell for anyhow five years, Abe, is liable to have charges preferred against him by a bar association for neglecting his client's interests. He might even be accused of not getting his client a new trial from sheer spite, so as to do the district attorney out of his regular newspaper publicity.

The Responsibilities of the Jury

"Practically the only chance of convicting a murderer nowadays, Abe, is to try him before a mixed jury of the victim's relations and creditors, and that ain't allowed by law, because lawyers are very particular about prospective jurors in a murder case.

"A murderer can be such a prominent murderer that for months the newspapers have been as full of details about his private life as if he would be the combined Republican and Democratic candidates for President, y'understand, and yet if any prospective juror admits that he has as much as seen a headline about him, y'understand, he is thrown out of the courtroom by three bailiffs after having been fined fifty dollars for contempt of court.

"Also, Abe, if a prospective juror admits that he once knew a man who knew a man who used to drink coffee occasionally with the defendant's second cousin once removed, the *district attorney* can challenge him, y'understand, whereas if he admits that he had a nodding acquaintance with a lady who had once been engaged to be married to the brother of the victim's dentist, y'understand, the *attorney for the defendant* can challenge him, and so it goes."

"And I suppose if (*Gott soll huten*) such a juryman should get into the box and hear all the evidence for six weeks, and his secret is found out by either side at the beginning of the seventh week, the judge is obliged to declare the trial a misdeal and begin all over again with a fresh jury," Abe said.

And 100 They Never Arrest

"Naturally," Morris agreed. "In fact appeal judges has upset convictions of murderers for much less reasons than that, Abe. For instance, after the trial has begun the jury is always sent to a hotel and locked up for the night with instructions not to discuss the case with anybody, y'understand, and in any number of cases, Abe, the prisoner has got away with his crime simply because a juror was overheard to say to a waiter or a chambermaid: 'It's a fine day for a murder.'"

"I suppose the judges decide that way upon the grounds that it's better for a hundred guilty murderers to go free than for one innocent man to get hanged, ain't it?" Abe suggested.

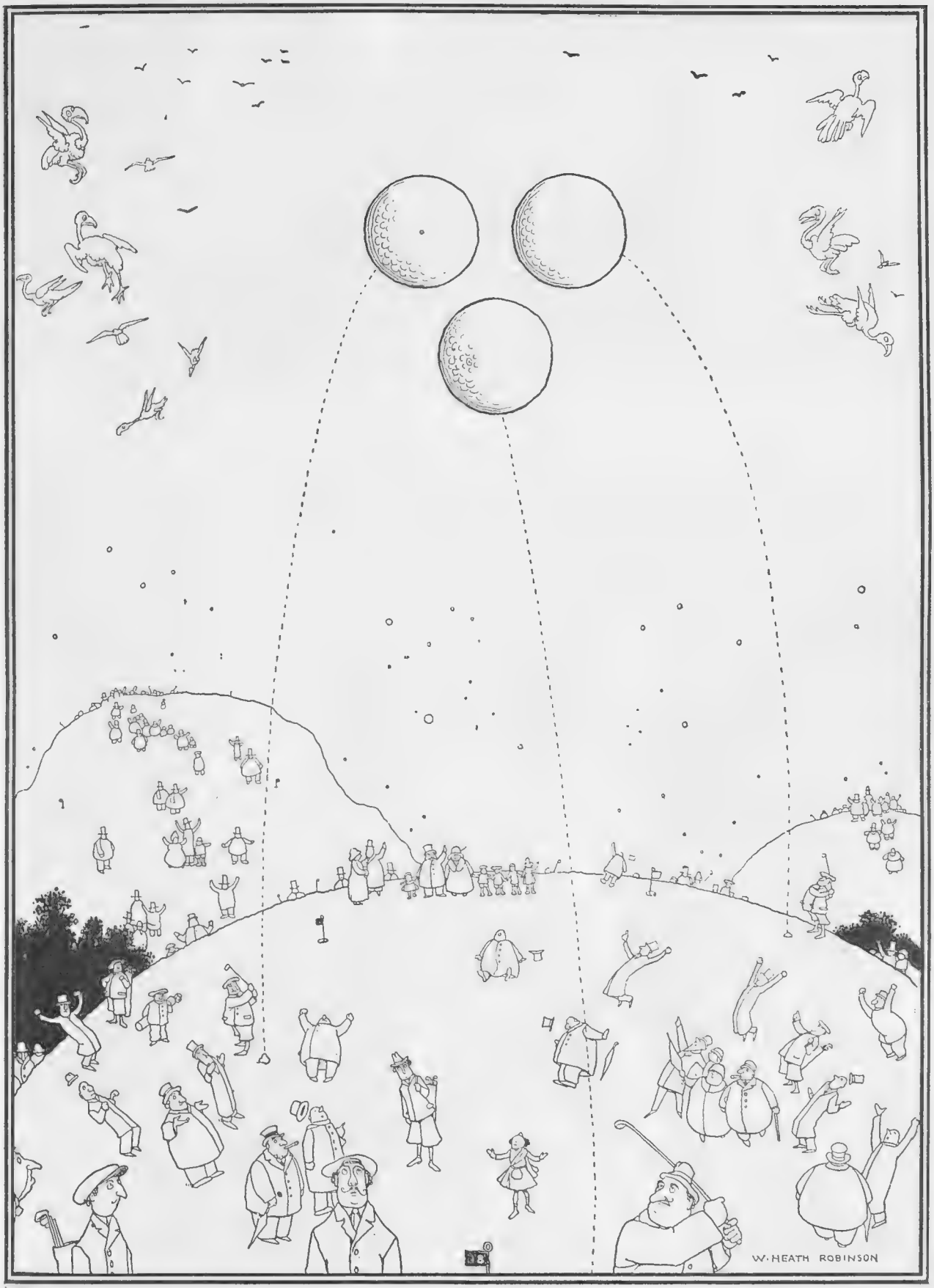
"I guess so," Morris agreed.

"Well," Abe concluded, "not counting the other hundred guilty murderers that never even get arrested, Mawruss, that's about the way the figures run."

VAC-QUEUE-ITIES! By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

You will never realise the seriousness of the unemployed problem, until you examine that leisured class who invariably attend Funerals, Weddings, Murder Trials, and the exhibition of new mechanical toys in the Strand

On a Three-Ball Course



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A remarkable avuncular coincidence at one of the new golf courses in Palestine

BY "JINGLE."

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on 30th November, 1922

FREQUENTLY during the War our attention was invited to the case of a social outcast who had turned from his sinful ways at his country's call, and had won rare distinction on the battle-field. Dale Cradock is a chap of that sort. He met Mildred in South Africa where she was a War nurse, and he was a War horseman, and they were married and lived unhappily ever after. On the way home to England their ship collided with another, and everybody had to take to the boats. Dale Cradock very properly saw his wife and her two children safely into one of the boats, and then very improperly found a seat in another boat beside the lady of his choice, and left his family to look after itself. Fortunately, Mildred is a lady with large means of her own, so that she did not miss her husband so much as she might have done if she had had to take in washing or something disagreeable of that sort; and as another baby was born soon after her arrival in England she is able to settle down in quiet comfort with the earnest desire to bring up her children in the way they should go.

FROM motives of pardonable pride, or perhaps with the craving for mendacity which, they say, is peculiar to the sex, Mildred pitches the children a very pretty yarn about the father they have never known. It is to the effect that one dark and stormy night when the sea was running mountains high, their poor dear father perished in the attempt to save a fellow-creature's life, and she hopes that they will ever strive to live up to the noble ideal that he has created for them. Of course, we don't all have the opportunity of going about saving other people's lives; but we can all cultivate that nobility of character which may prepare us to take the plunge at any moment. Mildred, therefore, begs that in every difficult situation in their lives they will pause to ask themselves what their exalted father would have done under the circumstances. It is, perhaps, as well that father is not there to answer the question for them, as he is about as slippery a rogue as could be found anywhere outside prison walls.

JOAN, the eldest daughter, a girl of twenty, begins to find the memory of this model father a little irksome, as by all appearances, being a modern girl, she does not propose to leave behind her any kind of an edifying example. Denny, her elder brother, also chafes under the restraint of a noble father's memory, and objects strongly to being made a disciple of ancestor worship. And just about that time a visitor calls to see Mildred alone. It is Dale Cradock, her husband. He calls himself now Dale "Conway" for reasons not wholly unconnected with police vigilance. He is glad to see that Mildred has got a nice little place in the country, especially as for the moment he is at the end of his tether, and while he is thinking up some new kind of fraud on his fellow man, he proposes to billet himself on his not very loving wife. Mildred will not hear

(*Continued on page 858*)

Pageantry at the Pavilion

UNDER THE WALLS OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

This gathering at the Tournament in which the Earl of Huntingdon (Douglas Fairbanks) overthrows Sir Guy of Gisbourne gives some idea of the lavish scale on which the stirring photoplay is produced

"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN ROBIN HOOD"

Note the title. Not "Robin Hood" plain and simple, but the legend according to Fairbanks. "Doug" quite literally staked everything on this supreme production, and the result is drawing London in droves to the Pavilion. Above is the Earl of Huntingdon (afterwards Robin Hood) successful in his suit to Lady Marian Fitzwalter, deliciously played by Enid Bennett. We didn't realize what Robin Hood meant until Fairbanks came, was seen—and conquered

of any such thing, of course, but Dale Cradock has a trump card in his threat to reveal his identity to his children. It is finally arranged that Dale shall occupy a bungalow some distance away; and as he is there under the patronage of Mildred, who is quite an important personage locally, everybody is very glad to know him.

THEN we get a taste of Dale's business quality. There is Miss Laura Meakin, a spinster of uncertain age, who is greatly interested in a local charity (Miss Jean Cadell). Miss Meakin holds a meeting in Mildred's breakfast room, and, with difficulty, prevails on Dale to take the chair for her. Dale is the kind of chairman who would be an absolute gift for a City company that had to explain to its shareholders why they could never hope to see any of their money back. Mr. "Conway" collects money at the meeting, eighty pounds odd; and then, with a fine splash of generosity, he says he will make it up to a hundred pounds out of his own pocket. He has to add that he is a stranger among them, and they may reasonably ask for a guarantee of good faith. He will give his cheque (which is worthless) to Mrs. Cradock who will hand him in return one of her own (which is practically current coin). In this way he leaves the meeting with eighty pounds odd in his pocket, having blackmailed his wife to the tune of a hundred in the sacred cause of charity.

THERE is a simple and green young man, named Harold Bagby, most vivaciously played by Mr. Miles Malleson. Dale "Conway" lays before this gullible youth a sweet plan for getting rich quickly. Dale will buy a horse and run it in one of the big races, and will see that it does not win. I confess I am not very familiar with this branch of sporting finance; but I have my own name for the man who will put down, as Harold Bagby does, four thousand pounds, to further the dismal iniquity. But that is not the end of Dale "Conway's" activities. He makes friends with his son Denny, and chaffs the boy about being tied to mammy's apron strings.

MILDRED is even as the ruffled hen that fighteth for her chicks. She accuses Dale of trying to corrupt her boy's morals, and when he finally goads her to exasperation she calls the family together, resolved that they shall learn the truth about their erratic father at last. But the sudden arrival from school of Molly, the favourite daughter, spoils the project, and sentence is, as it were, postponed. About this time Dale does a fine action. We had been prepared for it by his behaviour in a previous act when he thrashed a man who had been cruel to a dog; and it is the unwritten law of both plays and films that all rascals have a soft spot in their hearts for dumb animals. In the last act it is a child that causes the trouble. The child falls into the water, and Dale is drowned in trying to save it. So Mildred can now speak to her children of their father with a little more truth when she expatiates on his craving to save lives at the risk of his own. The success of the evening is that of Miss Ethel Irving as Mildred. It is a difficult part, but Miss Irving bore her crown of sorrows without making the proceedings monotonous. Mr. Robert Loraine, who is, of course, one of our ablest actors, trips breezily through the part of the sad rascal, Dale, and contrives on the whole to make him amusing.

JINGLE

En Évidence

BY ALBERT BAILEY

ON THE FACE OF IT

PIERR

FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY JEAN HARDY

T DEÇU

The Sign on the Door-step

BY LAWSON WOOD

POSTMAN'S KNOCK

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY" *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN*

No. II.—"The Melchisedec"

I SHOULD judge it as inexpedient to give the real name of this Club as to turn a somersault over the grave of my grandfather.

I may say, in parenthesis, that my grandfather was, until recently, a member. He died at the age of ninety-three, having joined when he was twenty. He used to say he recollected very few changes in the Club. A concession had been made to the practice of smoking. Some of the younger members had insisted on a room being allotted for their use, and as there were no stables close by their request had been granted. However, in the main, the original rules and regulations obtained.

Only once have I entered the precincts of the Melchisedec, and then the honour was two-fold. For a long time no stranger had been allowed beyond the hall. After several prolonged general meetings this rule was altered, permitting certain nights when guests could be entertained. My grandfather had opposed the change tooth and nail, and when it took place for a long time refused to acknowledge it. As all the old members took the same course, the younger were terrified into following their example. The result was that I not only entered the Club for the first time, but I was also the first stranger that had done so.

I shall never forget the look the hall-porter gave me, when I asked for my grandfather. It was not so much hostile as withering—got me feeling like a fig tree in a frost.

"I am dining here with Sir John to-night," I said.

"Very good, sir," said the hall porter, making no motion to allow me to pass his desk, "I'll let Sir John know you are here."

He made a gesture with his hand in the direction of a page boy, who fled from his presence like a rabbit that has been shot at.

The boy came back, exchanged whispers with the hall-porter, and took my coat. I was led into an imposing room, furnished with richly upholstered sofas and chairs, and massive mahogany tables. Portraits of past members of the club, in beautifully curled side whiskers, hung on the walls. At the far end a huge fire roared up a chimney, in front of which stood three old gentlemen, their hands under their coat tails. From time to time they glanced at the clock. The hands pointed to fourteen minutes past eight. For some reason no member of the Melchisedec dines before a quarter-past eight.

My grandfather greeted me.

"Just in time, my boy; just in time; let me introduce you to Major Pendennick, who will be dining with us."

The Major looked the same age as my grandfather, though rather more sparely built. He was elaborately dressed in tail coat and white waistcoat, and wore a top-hat with a curly brim. My grandfather told me afterwards that the Major, who had been a famous dandy in his youth, still adhered to the fashion of wearing a top-hat in all parts of the Club, except the coffee-room.

Dinner was a really wonderful function. Never had I seen a meal served with more reverent care. Some of the courses were brought on special silver plate that had been in possession of the Club even before my grandfather could remember. The tables, each laid for one, were arranged round the wall, facing inwards towards the centre of the room. My grandfather told me that many of the members had dined at the same table night after night for years. Now and again some younger member would inadvertently take one of these tables, but he seldom made the mistake twice.

Everything proceeded in stately order, without fuss or flurry, till the final removal of the cloth and the laying of dessert on the glossy, polished tables. A decanter of port was brought, the flavour of which still lingers in my memory. When my grandfather told me it was the ordinary port of the day, which the members drank every night, I could hardly believe him.

"We've got cellars, my boy, and store things. This port was laid down when it was young wine. Doesn't your depot lay down wine? We fellows used to, eh, Pendennick? Major Pendennick was a gunner, too."

"Were you, sir?" I turned to the other.

The Major nodded. He asked me one or two questions about the late War; and then launched into some service anecdotes of his own experiences.

I listened politely as became a fellow-artilleryman, but at times was sorely puzzled. He talked of breaches, ramrods, case shot. I could not place the campaign he described.

"Ah!" he concluded, "but you and I are talking of different days, eh! The last action I took part in was in the Crimea."

"Truly," I thought, as I walked home, "The Melchisedec is a wonderful institution."

"THE TIGERS." BY "PENDARVES"

THEIR compatriots, camp followers and sycophants call them thus. And well they may. The game was tigerish. That exactly describes it. Perfectly clean, and played in good part. But at a pace which reminded one very much of a tiger cub playing with a thrown ball. It is very good for us to see occasionally a team like Leicester come south and defeat the famous Harlequins, on the latter's ground. It takes us out of the rut of the usual Club game, where both sides know one another's game, because it is the same game, played in the same orthodox way. It does us good to have the conceit taken out of us now and again; to see our star performers outshone in brilliance, our opportunists given no opportunities. Incidentally, it is curious that when a magnificent team like Leicester comes to play at Twickenham there should be staged four other big matches on the same day round London, thus losing the chance of a huge gate on the Rugby Union ground by an *embarras de richesse* for the bewildered spectator.

I endeavour to avoid describing big matches, because all the Powers of the Press do that before I can get a look in. But the fierce fight waged between the dogs of war on their own ground, where they are usually invincible, and these tigerish gentlemen from the North, was so typical of the Rugby game at its best, that one must dwell a little on the tactics, if only to point a moral though not to adorn a tale. When an ex-brother officer of mine, with whom I went down to Twickenham, had looked at his programme and observed that three of Leicester's regular players (all Internationals) were engaged elsewhere, he semaphored to me with a handkerchief from the other Stand laying me 6 to 4 on the Harlequins. I wish I had taken him, in tenners. Leicester plays all out, from the first whistle to the last. Their forwards (packing seven instead of eight, thereby leaving an extra man outside to be marked by our wing-forward, a job to which he is not accustomed), when not fiercely scrumming, all play like fast three-quarters. There are no bunched-up line-outs with them. John Russell, their half, slings the ball right out along a straggling line, and anything may happen at any moment. It did. Jacot, our French International, burst through in the first five minutes with a beautiful try, and everybody on the home side (not playing) said, "Leicester is in for it to-day—you see!" But a little Leicester Pressman, with a face like a terrier, sitting next me, licked his lips and said, "You wait." We did not have to wait long. At half time the score was 10—3 against us, largely owing to a goal being kicked by a Leicester man from an almost impossible angle.

The Harlequin side fought splendidly to equalise. The game was a succession of nerve-straining episodes. Nerves were not the only things that were strained, either. There were plenty of halts for casualties, but every man knocked out went on again gamely. When the home team scored another try, and the score stood 6—10, people began to mumble exhortations, as men do on these occasions. Still Leicester, keeping up their terrific pace, pressed and pressed, and attacked again. At some moments fate hung as a thread upon the Scottish International, Gracie, whose tackling and kicking saved the Harlequins again and again. Then there would be another burst from the irrepressible Tigers, and yet another miraculous Harlequin save, as the inexorable hands of the clock crept towards "time." The quality and pace of the battle was removed far above the usual Club tussle. Only very fit men, with clenched teeth, could have lasted through it. A game to remember when you see bad football subsequently.

The last quarter of an hour was one of those superb periods, which can only occur in the Rugby game, when the defending side became oblivious to everything and everyone, but the fight and the victory. A tremendous epic rally of the Harlequins took place in those fateful moments when referees begin consulting the watch on their wrists. They were almost in—almost: and men rose by fifties and hundreds in their seats. But no! The Tigers fought on mercilessly, indomitably, and won.

As a man said to me, as we lit cigarettes afterwards,

"My word, if Day, Smallwood and Price had been playing—what?"

But I don't want to think about that.

Sufficient unto the defeat is the honour thereof.

TO HENRI

(*High heels for men are the latest fashion for Parisian "nuts."*)

You oft have said that you look up to me,
Paying your homage with true Gallic tact,
And, though you meant it metaphorically,
It also literally was a fact:
But since, alas! you have begun to wear
High heels, yourself upon my level putting,
Gone is your suppliant and humble air,
For now you feel you're on a different footing!

LESLIE M. OYLER

BY STAN TERRY

THE DIS-MISTLE TOE

"A Convenance of the Ages"

By "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"The new Fashion is to wear un cheveux argenté"

MES AMIS—

PERHAPS it is with the thoughts of Christmas and the advent of the snows that the fashion has come to be established. Whatever may be the reason, it has been voted *charmant*. It is the fashion to wear the hair silvered. In no matter which theatre one may go on these evenings one is confronted with the spectacle of numbers of *élégantes* whose tresses have become *argenté* since that last one has gazed upon them. One has at first had the suspicion to look upon the mothers or the grandmothers of the beauties whom one has previously known. But the closer inspection has disclosed that it is they themselves and not any of their ancestors.

FRANCHEMENT has it to be admitted that the transformation is not a spectacle for the displeasure. There is the charm of winsomeness about the new expression that has been created which does hold a subtle appeal. There is the recall of the time of the marquises, with their complexions of the cream and the roses, with all the romantic associations. And the simulated silver of the tresses does serve to accentuate the freshness of the *teint*. The appropriation of the locks of winter does add sparkle to the summer of the youthful face beneath.

IT is the vast change from the mannerisms to which of late years we had become accustomed. The hair of grey and silver did seem to have vanished for ever. Only a few of the *mères de famille*, enslaved in the old tradition, had unshamedly continued to reveal the ravages of *La Dame Nature*. For the rest there was not anything but the *chevelures* of the blue-black or the chestnut, with sometimes the springtime yellow of the young corn or the fresh butter. And not any effort has been made to conceal that these have been the product of the *eau oxygénée*. It is the backward wearers of the confessional grey who have been considered the *dêmodés* and the over-candid.

NOW all of this is changed. No longer can there be the cause for the ill-humour on the part of a husband when he has sighted a grey hair in the head of his wife. Hitherto, the such discovery has been the cause of many of the *petits drames* of the *ménage*. Now it shall be the occasion to rejoice when Madame shall declare, "*Enfin*, I have discovered some white hairs." The woman of forty has become the queen of the fashion, the object of the perfect charm. The span of life—by which is meant the duration of the period to be *intéressante*—has been prolonged most materially. Which is the matter for congratulation on the part of many who had arrived to the moment of the fears and the tremblings.

"I could take her to the theatre"

AND there is also the material for the acute satisfaction on the part of us who are still among the youthful. One has now the disguise in which to take Angéle to the Opéra-Comique. Before, she has been too timid to go, out of the fear that she shall be recognised at the theatre when she is supposed to be at the *cours*.

"Most of them do not know how to wear a frock"

BUT now, anyone who shall see her shall imagine it is her mother or her aunt. If the witness shall remark to the mother, I saw you at the Opéra-Comique the other night," the mother shall not deny it, for the remark is certain to be accompanied by the compliment, "And you have looked younger than ever, my dear." The mother shall not be so courageous

(Continued on page 868)

A Nice Niece at Nice

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

AT ANY RATE HE SAID IT WAS HIS NIECE

"A CONVENANCE OF THE AGES" (*concluded*)

as to say, "Oh, but you must have been mistaken," when she has been so unexpectedly flattered. Is it not so? Yes, yes, all the way round there is the room for the felicitations on the adoption of the fashions of the eighteenth century as the fashion of to-day.

THERE is not so much to be said for the *envie* to become the *mannequins*, which has taken possession of the ladies of all the shapes and all the sizes, the in-sizes as well as the out-sizes. This is a craze which has had to be discouraged. It is all very well to have the desire to wear the pretty frocks all the day—to say not a word about all the night. It is an entirely different thing to be *able* to wear a pretty frock in a manner which shall do the justice to the beauty and the "personality" of it. Even in the case of the candidates who have had the natural gifts of youth beauty and grace, they have had to be informed that all these are the empty attributes unless they are accompanied by the ability to wear a frock in the such way as to emphasise the "personality" of it.

AND the such skill is not at all easily learned. Unless that it is there as an accomplishment provided by the nature there is the need for the long practice and the study. There is the hope in the Rue de la Paix that the too great rush of the candidates shall diminish now that it has been established

"The so interesting Roman des Quatre"

that the occupation of the *mannequin* is not so simple and so effortless as had been imagined.

OF the other topics which are of the *actualité* at the moment, one of the most quaint is the novel of the four authors. One has heard frequently of the stories at which two authors have collaborated. They have ceased to arouse the surprise, though there has always been the flicker of interest whether the one who has conceived the plot has also to contribute to the dialogue.

BUT the *Roman des Quatre* is on a much higher scale of the complications. If it were not that the experimenters are the writers with the such renown one would have the fear that the result should be the hopeless confusion. But as the collaborators are of the repute of Paul Bourget, Gerard d'Houville, Henri Duvernois, and Pierre Benoit, one has to place the confidence in the talents which have so frequently been proved.

IN the book there will be four principals, and each of the authors will contribute one of these. There will be a murderous father, a charming *jeune fille*, a prospector of mines who lives in Africa, and a young Parisian *roué*. There will be mystery and love, remorse, tenderness, wit and adventures. How they shall all be fitted together is a topic of the intense interest. It is to be hoped that everything shall get into the right place. Otherwise there may arise the most awkward situations. ROLAND

A Famous Ballet

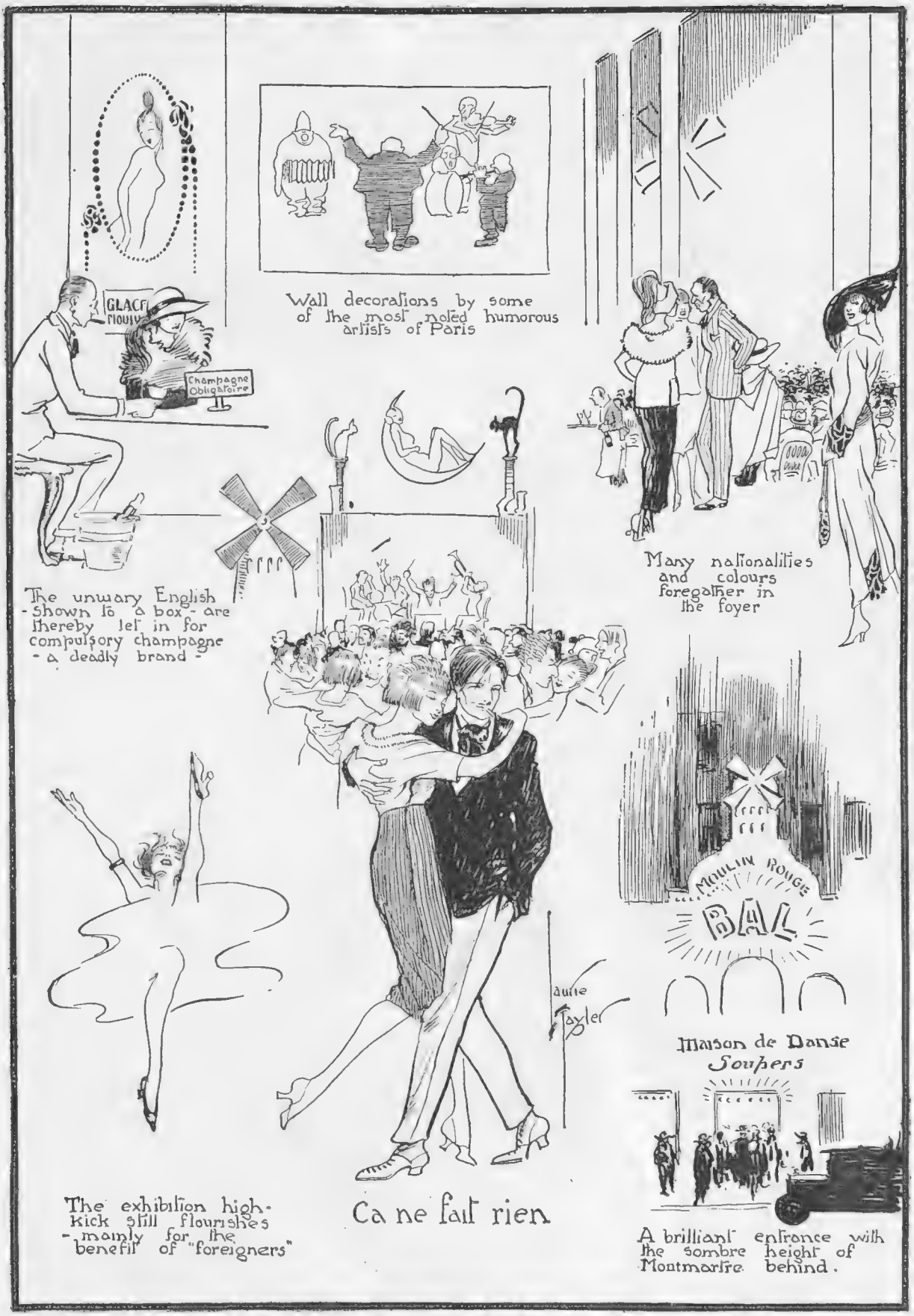
MADAME RITA SACCHETTO

MADAME AMY LIESER

MADAME MURA LIPEROWITS

Three beautiful dancers of the famous corps de ballet of the Vienna Opera Company which—it is rumoured—is soon to pay its first visit to London. An extensive programme of ballets from opera is to be given at Covent Garden, with cinematograph settings of the opera itself. London will thus have a chance of judging the value of the cinema's aid to its older sister, the Drama

La Vie Vermillon



BY LAURIE TAYLER

A FAMOUS MONTMARTRE "DANCING"—THE MOULIN ROUGE

WANTED
A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD.

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

> And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page VI of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

THAT GOODWILL TOUCH

By Blanchette. Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

DON'T think I ever remember before in all my born days quite such rushing, tearing, Christmassy days as we've been having. Or when the sort of Christmas atmosphere's been stronger and more generally pervasive, so to speak, not since the War, anyway—spite of sensational murder trials and Conferences and crises and things.

MASSES of charity matinées, for one thing, and *thés dansants* and sales and fairs, and markets and bazaars. At which, by the way, rather wonder why such lots of the people who run 'em do seem to think they positively *must* wear fancy dress or something if they're to do the thing properly and rake in all the possible available dishers for the perfectly good and excellent cause in hand.

'Nos, you know, 'course, some of the young and pretty ones look quite fearfly sweet as Dutch fisher-maidens and Swiss love-girls, or whatever it is, spite of the rather trying light effects you get at these day-time shows in the great big public halls and places they have them at. But, oh! my dear, some of the poor dear dowagers of high degree that suddenly cast off their uniform, so to speak, of dowdy black satin and furs. . . . ! And blossom out into rose-pink chiffons and flounces, and saucy caps or Dolly Varden hats. . . . !

BUT hush, and also come, come! After all, this is the season of peace and goodwill towards men, *and*, I s'pose, women, too—what? And shouldn't ever be done—should it?—at this festive season of the aforesaid p. and g.—to be even in the very slightest what you might call catty, I mean.

LIKE, f'rinstance, the heroine of Stephen McKenna's very latest "smart society" novel, *Soliloquy*, that you've simply got to read because—well, he's still the fashion. And says (or makes *her* say, anyway) quite clever, hard, feline things like, "If you want to succeed in anything, you must keep your affections out of it." Or, "If you want a definition of the perfect tyrant, I should say a young woman with money."

"Women in the Guards Club"

ALWAYS, somehow, the women—isn't it?—who are at fault, who drink too many cocktails (though it *was* a woman that said *that*, the cat), and generally break up the happy home. While men are nice, tidy, steady, strong-and-silent angels all the time. . . . As if we, even the youngest deb. among us, didn't know—but once more, hush! After all, this *is* (talking of angels) the season, period and appointed time, is not it, of peace, also goodwill?

POSITIVE waves of goodwill, really, 'ginning to roll about all over this little old home town of mi-ine, these Yuletide days. Yes, scoff as thou may'st, my cousin, and as I do, and shall, and hope I shall continue to, all the rest of my rational days—we do, I b'lieve, in this week or two just around Christmas, somehow get hypnotised or something into a kind of feeling of general friendliness which makes us simply 'straordinarily sociable and forgiving, and all that sort of thing.

ALL false sentiment, I s'pose, but it's really rather nice. The way, I mean, even the Christmas shoppers, panting and pushing in their last final struggles of the present-buying madness, are quite fairly nice and cordial to each other in the most trying moments of crowd-surrounded counters and packed strap-hanging trains. And how we wait patiently and angelically for a table in our favourite restaurant, spite of the invasion of clamouring mobs from furthest Kensington, and our own particular

"We are all arranging Christmas parties"

corner having been impertinently seized and engaged. . . .

卐

JUST hum to ourselves, we do—*sotto voce* or under our breaths for choice:

That don't matter,
That don't matter,
That don't matter to me—
Though life ain't
No bed of roses,
I don't care if
It rains or snowses—
That don't matter to me. . . .

as they're singing, or going to sing, in all the best pantomimes this particular season of peace and goodwill.

卐

RATHER nice, really, you know (as aforesaid), doing the goodwill pose—though I'm not quite so sure it's, p'raps, always altogether quite so much of a pose as one thinks. . . . After all, much easier and comfortabler being friendly with everyone, is not it? Only it does seem to take a war or a national festival to make us realise it, and *then* the effect 'pears to wear off pretty soon after—what?

卐

ANYWAY, there's heaps of things going on here in London now that are all by way of *promoting* goodwill and all that sort of thing. Admitting women even to the most exclusive clubs, like the Guards, for one. Though I'm not at *all* so sure we so very much particularly *want* to avail ourselves of their stuffy old "privileges," as some of 'em seem to think. 'Specially knowing all the time that they're only doing it 'cos they'd quite inevitably be broke to the far and wide if they didn't. . . .

卐

QUITE a nice kind of air of goodwill, too (if we *must* talk about it), about the way restaurants and places are running their Christmas parties and things for us this Christmas time, 'companied by holly and crackers and all the suitable trimmings of the season. Like at the Belgravia, f'rinstance, round Victoria way, where they're having lovely (and not too frightfully 'spensive) parties all through the Christmas days, 'cluding a dance-tea this Saturday, and all manner of d'lightful things for the "Yuletide festival," finishing up with a fancy dress dance on Boxing night, whereat Meggie Albanesi and other pretty ladies of the stage will judge and give the prizes.

卐

TALKING of dancing, going to be a "world's championship meeting" thereof at Queen's Hall this week, I hear, starting this very next Thursday as ever is. All the best dancing teachers acting as judges, lots of cups and prizes, *and* it's for that most excellent cause, the Combined Hospitals Appeal. Was half thinking of going in for it myself, till I heard it was going to last six days. Six whole days of dancing—think of it! And then we talk about the "dying dance craze"—what . . . ?

"At the Gratton Club"

卐

QUITE nice dance, by the way, last week at Prince's—for the famous old Heatherley Art School, where all the best young artists go, or lots of 'em, anyway. And *rather* refreshing to find here, like at the other big fancy dress shows of the moment, how people really *are* taking to dressing 'emselves up once more. After all, can't ever feel quite properly reckless and adventurous, can you, 'less you're being—for one night only—say, an Egyptian Princess or Queen Elizabeth, or, at the very least and modernest, Nell Gwynne.

卐

APROPOS of dresses, perfectly lovely ones on view these days at the dear old Grafton Galleries, former home of all the resplendentest dances there were in Town. Sort of *mannequin* matinées they're having three days a week now, with tea and dancing thrown in. And, oh! such lovely dreams of frocks I saw there last week, 'specially the Victorian ones, all flounces and things. Feel, till I get one, I shan't ever really quite acquire the proper and seasonable atmosphere of peace—not to mention goodwill!

With love, yours ever,

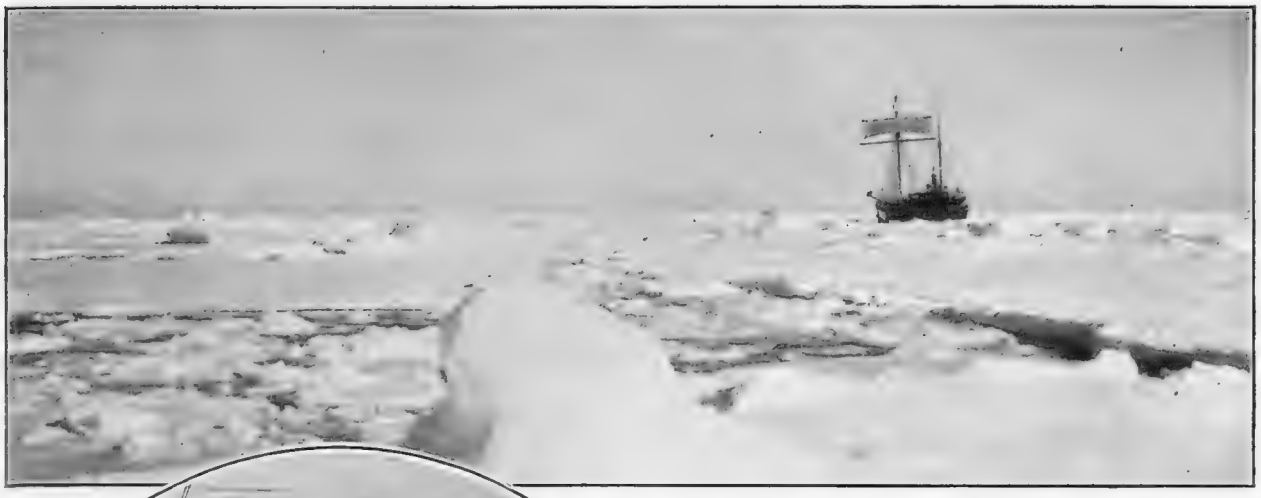
BLANCHETTE

A Publishing Feat of Note.

A NOVEL feature of the 1923 *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* (Price 30s.) is a complete alphabetical list of members of the recently elected Parliament, as well as an alphabetical list of the constituencies represented. Considering that this well-known book of reference appeared less than a month after the elections, Kelly's Directories, Ltd., deserve full measure of praise for a speedy production of such informative value. In addition to the usual features, the *Handbook* includes many of the best-known names in the world of British commerce, a chapter which, from a tiny infant stage in the last edition, is now grown to lusty adolescence.

"Fearless, Familiar, Alone!"

THE QUEST ON ITS FAMOUS ADVENTURE

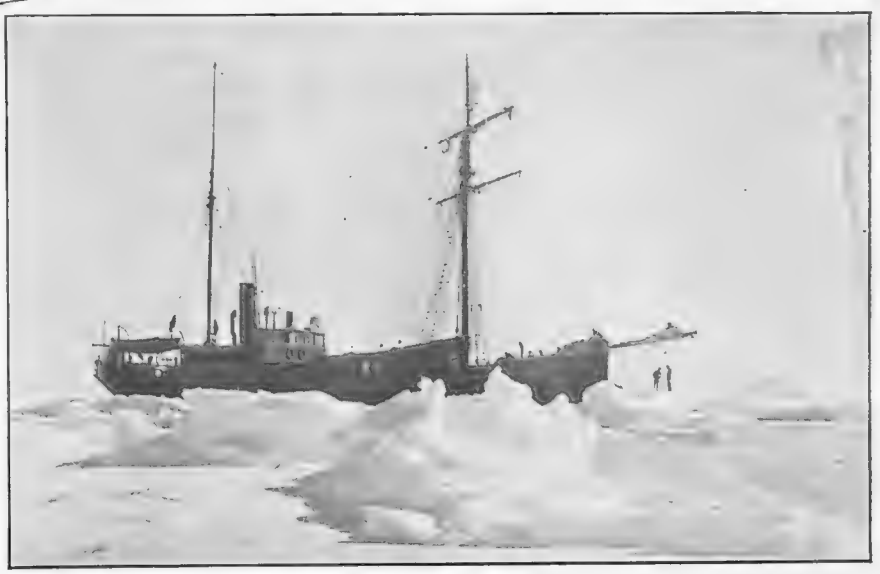


THE 200-TON QUEST—SOUTHWARD BOUND

MAKING FAST IN A NEW ICE FIELD

TWO OF THE CREW "ASHORE"

THE history of the Quest's Antarctic expedition, which left England in September of last year, is being told pictorially this week in an enthralling series of film pictures at the New Scala Theatre in Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road. Amazing photographs of Antarctic scenes and its denizens are shown, and the accounts of the gallant expedition's adventures, its achievements towards the enrichment of our scientific knowledge, and the reasons for its failure to explore the entire Enderby Quadrant—its primary object—are recorded by Commander Wild, C.B.E., and some of the intrepid crew, whose leader he became after the tragic death of their chief, Sir Ernest Shackleton



Photographs exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

WAITING FOR THE SUMMER SUN. THE QUEST ICEBOUND

Photograph *I.B.*

BERNARD CARSLAKE BEATS JACK EVANS

For the Jockeys' Boxing Championship of the World, the principal event at Mr. Harry Preston's Annual Tournament at Brighton. They fought six very even rounds, and at the end of the contest, Carslake, who is here seen standing over his opponent, was awarded the victory on points

Photograph *I.N.A.*

LT.-COMDR. KNOX, R.N.

First officer home in the cross-country ra[ce] for the Arbuthnot trophy for officers and men of [the] Light Cruiser Squadron at Invergordon. His ship, H.M.S. Conquest, also supplied the first m[an] home (Stoker H Bale), besides winning the Lig[ht] Cruiser Gigs' race for officers

The New Lawn Tennis Parliament

BY "ARBITER"

THE peaceful revolution is over, and the result, to all intents and purposes, is a drawn battle. As between the old government and the reform party, which went to the polls fairly confident—not of sweeping the board, but of securing a working majority—the honours are just about easy. The Council of the Lawn Tennis Association, including everybody from the president downward, numbers sixty-one; the number of candidates which had the support of the Reform Party was forty-one, and the reformers claim that they have won in all twenty seven seats.

BUT in considering these statistics it must be borne in mind that the forty-one were not all Reform Party candidates in the strict sense of the term; some of these were old members of the Council who were standing again, but upon whom the reformers had bestowed their benediction. Take the case, for instance, of Commander Hillyard, R.N. (the well-known Wimbledon Secretary), who, though ostensibly "backed" by the reformers, made a short but telling speech, in the course of which he said that he did not know what he had done to escape "the axe," and warned his hearers not to forget the danger of "dropping the pilot." This was hardly what you might describe as a pro-reform speech. However, the main point, to my way of thinking, is that the net result of the contest means an infusion of new blood into the Council. It will give the necessary fillip to a government the *personnel* of which had been practically unchanged since the War, and even for longer.

THE meeting itself was one of the most futile gatherings it is possible to conceive. As a matter of fact, annual general meetings of the L.T.A. are usually more or less futile; this one, possibly because it was the biggest on record, broke the futility record likewise. The elections were about the only business that was really transacted. The meeting lasted for about four hours—not a long time for delegates to devote to an event which only occurs once a year—but at the end of that time it had become abundantly clear that all the meeting really cared about was the elections; it had even listened quite languidly to some very good speeches from the reformers on one side and the supporters of the "old guard" on the other, which, of course, had a bearing on the elections. But the meeting wanted to vote, and as soon as it had voted as often as it was allowed to, it, metaphorically speaking, put on its coat and went home to dinner.

LORD DESBOROUGH, in the chair, pursued his customary "rush" tactics with his customary skill and firmness; he is not to be blamed if the result occasionally verged on the ludicrous. He knows from past experience that the patience—or, shall I say, the staying-power?—of a L.T.A. meeting gives out at the end of about four hours, and he lays his plans accordingly. But the great mistake was the attempt which was made to proceed with the other business of the meeting while the elections were in progress. This procedure has been adopted before without conspicuous success when the contested elections were quite few and hardly any feeling existed about them; on the 11th, with contested elections all along the line and great excitement over every one, it was an absolute failure.

Photograph *Central News*

CAMBRIDGE SCORING THEIR SECOND TRY

In the 'Varsity match at Twickenham last Tuesday. It was gained by R. H. Hamilton-Wickes, their right-wing three-quarter, after clever combined play in which D. P. Evans (right centre) was also prominent. Hamilton-Wickes scored three tries in all, and Cambridge won by 21 points to 8

Photograph *Central News*

THE KING SHAKES HANDS WITH THE OXFORD XV

At the 'Varsity Match at Twickenham of which, accompanied by Prince George, he was an interested spectator. Both Teams were presented to His Majesty by their respective captains, J. E. Maxwell-Hyslop (Oxford) and W. W. Wakefield (Cambridge) before the game began

THE sort of thing that happened was this: A speaker would be in the middle of an oration when he would be stopped by the chairman in order that a batch of election results which had just been handed in might be read out. As soon as they were announced he was allowed to proceed, but in the meantime a fresh lot of ballot papers had been passed round for the next batch of elections, and, naturally, until those papers had been filled in and collected that speaker, or anyone who followed him, might just as well have been addressing his remarks to a brick wall.

THE lesson of the 11th seems to me to be that the L.T.A. must in future hold its annual general election separately from the other business of its annual general meeting. If it does not then it will have to satisfy itself, as it did last week, with the rôle of a body of electors and nothing else. Since one of the things with which the newly elected Council will busy itself in the near future will be its own constitution and the question whether the representative members of a particular part of the Country ought not to be elected by the delegates from that part of the Country only, and not by everybody present at the meeting, there is no reason why this question of procedure should not also undergo an overhaul.

Photograph **CALCUTTA'S CRACK DISTANCE RUNNERS** *Photopress*

The three first men home in the Calcutta Marathon Race over a course of 10 miles. C. N. Murray (Calcutta Customs) first; L/Cpl. Allen (Royal West Kent Regt.) second; Pte. R. Parker (Royal West Kent Regt.) third

H. M. S. CARADOC'S RUGBY FOOTBALL XV

Notwithstanding the warlike condition recently prevailing at Chanak, the crew of the Caradoc, one of the Mediterranean Fleet, have already embarked on a career of conquest upon an improvised "rugger" ground within the British lines, which bears out the contention that wherever a "West-Country" ship goes you will find "rugger" being played

Lost—Dickens' Christmas

BY HILDA BRIGHTEN

WHERE has it gone? Did it ever exist? Is it merely an oasis of the imagination this Christmas that Charles Dickens wrote about?

Could Scrooge ever have been converted by this modern affair of ours? Did our mothers and grandmothers know this festival in any other guise than the modern and unsatisfying thing it has become?

If we were asked to describe Christmas to, say, a sudden visitor from the planet Mars after an assurance from such a visitor that he knew nothing of this celebration, how should we begin?

Personally, I believe, I should talk of snow and waits, red cheeked boys and girls flying along in sleighs to the jingling of bells. I might even so far forget myself as to suggest coaches and waggon loads of holly. Certain it is I should visualise snapdragon and forfeits, and the singing of "The Mistletoe Bough." Cheery good wishes, shopkeepers shaking by the hand all their overladen, much honoured customers, doctors driving along to drink hot toddies with smiling, robust patients. Christmas chimes, mistletoe kisses, mysterious packets surreptitiously delivered. Strains of Sir Roger de Coverley. Christmas Eve with its suppressed excitement, the hanging up of Christmas stockings. Christmas dinner. Enormous turkeys. Gigantic Christmas puddings. Toasts in the servants' hall, ancient retainers full of wine, sentiment, reminiscences and good wishes. Young people plighting their troths, old people complacent in their happiness.

Where has it all gone? Has it all rolled away with the post-chaise and coaches?

Even the children are becoming too sophisticated to hang up stockings. They have been visiting Christmas bazaars. What good is a stocking to hold a seven-foot-high doll's house, or a Ford-size motor-car? Even the most gullible fails to believe Santa Claus could negotiate chimneys with such a load — even had Santa Claus not long since ceased to be too mythical to appeal to the tiniest Tim.

We don't meet benevolent old gentlemen out late at night, overladen with parcels—the County Council closed all shops to them at 8 o'clock. And, anyway, why should the most benevolent old gentleman stumble along heavily laden when a thousand or so emporium palaces deliver by van straight to his own door? Why cut your own holly when you can buy it cut, trimmed and so much cleaner? We can't receive the wishes of our old retainers—there aren't any old retainers, and the new ones, if they have good wishes, are too dignified to go beyond the stereotyped and formal "Happy Christmas."

If Sir Roger de Coverley is danced at all (and I doubt it) it is not recognisable for syncopation. Doctors' patients are all too ill or too well to be drinking hot toddy with their medical advisers. Shopkeepers are too busy ringing up cash registers to shake hands with customers. Forfeits and snapdragon have long since ceased to be rivals to bridge. "The Mistletoe Bough" is being replaced by whatever song happens to be the latest connected with "Dixie." And as for poor old Scrooge, after the Income Tax collector has dealt with him mere conversion to generosity would be futile.

And last of all, the snow. Who can remember the last white Christmas? Even Christmas cards depicting it are nearly extinct. Snow in England (except in April or May) has almost ceased to exist.

Of Christmas, then, little remains to us except "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." Only a f[ew] Christmases ago, that, too, l[ooked] disappeared till out of a slough [of] sorrow the only thing that sh[one] through at Yuletide was the br[ight] heart, the courage of fortitud[e] the spirit that made man G[od]-like. Dickens' Christmas itself may be gone for ever but we hope that at least the s[pirit] of Dickens' Christmas will [some] day creep back?

A PROOF OF THE PUDDING By GLOSSOP

"What do you think of the Xmas pudding?"

"Dearest, it is just like the pudding that *my* father used to say was *not* like those his mother used to make"

A Meet of the Old Berkeley

Photograph *Topical*

MR. AND MRS. F. J. BENSON'S HOUSE PARTY AT LATIMER HOUSE

Photograph *British Illus.*

THE HOST AND HOSTESS

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Benson before the meet

Photograph *Topical*

THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL, LADY MARY FITZMAURICE AND THE HON. MRS. ERIC LONG

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Benson entertained a merry house party at Latimer House for the meet of the Old Berkeley, which started its mastership last year under the Earl of Berkeley. The present Master of the Hunt, Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, is also huntsman

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

A Day with the Quorn

FIRST-CLASS days have been few and far between in the Shires so far this season, but I think that description can be properly applied to the outing with the Quorn which followed their meet at Thimble Hall. A pleasant feature was the reappearance of the Joint-Master, Major A. E. Burnaby, who had made a good recovery from his severe fall. Hounds found their first fox in John O'Gaunt. This splendid covert belongs to the Leadbetters, very sporting yeoman farmers who have lived in this part of the country for many years. The pack at once went over the railway into the Cottesmore country. They dwelt after covering three fields, but Wilson held them to the left, and they settled to run like wildfire over a country which, to my mind, is as good as any in Leicestershire.

A Fine Gallop

THEY pointed for Knossington, a mile short of which they swung into Owston big wood and drove their fox straight across to Whadborough cross-road, a well-known meet of the Cottesmore. Those riders who did not happen to be well up with the hounds at that point could not catch them, as they ran over the top of Whadborough Hill, swinging across the railway back into John O'Gaunt. This took them forty-five minutes, and I made the distance ten miles as they ran. There were three foxes in John O'Gaunt, and I think it was a fresh one which hounds marked to ground a little later by Tilton Station.

The Afternoon Run

THE Quorn found their next fox in the Brancliffe Spinney, and ran at a lively pace over the beautiful country to Ashby. Then right-handed along the Twyford valley to the railway, going on practically in a straight line to Barkby Holt, where Major Burnaby stopped them, as they had unfortunately changed on to a fresh fox when close to Cold Newton. Hounds had run fast for thirty-five minutes and had hunted on for nearly another half-hour.

A Smart Performance

WALTER WILSON the huntsman of the Quorn, has long since established his reputation as a remarkably fine horseman. On the day of which I have been writing he was the hero of quite a remarkable performance. This occurred alongside the field road beyond Marefield, a small hamlet in the Cottesmore country. The fence here can be described as pretty useful. While he was in the air Wilson saw an unexpected oxer of new wire on the other side. Like a flash he dropped his hands very low on his horse's shoulders. The horse responded at once, and dropped like a stone without stirring, and there he was, between the fence and the wire. The first whipper-in cut the wire or threw the nippers to Wilson, and neither he nor the horse had a scratch.

"AUBREY" BY "THE TOUT"

Otherwise the Hon. A. Hastings, of Wroughton, to whom the Prince of Wales has sent his 'chaser, Kinlark, to be trained for future engagements. The Prince of Wales has also been riding in gallops at Wroughton

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Grand National

EVERYBODY interested in National Hunt racing will be glad to learn that the value of the Grand National Steeplechase will touch a new record this time. It is to cost £100 instead of £50 to run a horse in the great steeplechase, and the additional revenue which this increase will produce is to go, of course, to the winner and the placed horses. Last year the Grand National was worth not far short of £7,000 to the owner of Music Hall. This time the value of the race looks like running to not far short of five figures. There is only one drawback to the supreme position of the Grand National—it is that horses are bottled up in view of this attractive engagement.

The Size of the Field

NOW that the cost of running a horse in the Grand National has been doubled, we may possibly see fewer "forelorn hopes" started for the race. I cannot hold out very much hope, however, that the field will be appreciably smaller in size. It is very difficult to say which horses should not be started for the Grand National, for even within the last twenty years we have seen some totally unexpected horses carry off the honour. Among animals sure to be fancied this year is Mr. J. Putnam's Punt Gun. Devonians will be wildly delighted if this horse should prove equal to taking the Blue Riband of steeplechasing into their county. I imagine it would be a record for Devonshire.

Punt Gun's Chance

THERE is certainly good reason to expect Punt Gun to make an excellent show. There was nothing amiss with the style in which he won the Grand Sefton in the autumn, and his victory over a smart field at the recent Sandown Park meeting shows that he is a versatile performer who possesses pace and stamina as well as exceptional jumping powers. Punt Gun has done most of his training on Dartmoor with the local packs of hounds, and he is as good in the hunting field as he is on the race-course.

Boxing Day Sport

THERE will be plenty of interesting steeplechasing and hurdle racing during Christmas week. Given reasonably open weather we shall see the usual big crowd at Kempton Park on Boxing Day. The Christmas Hurdle Handicap has secured a fine entry, and I think a good chance of success is possessed by **Flaming Sword.** The Oatlands Steeplechase will be contested by some smart jumpers, of whom **Old Tay Bridge** should score unless he has picked up a penalty in the meantime. On the second day we have the Shepperton Steeplechase as one of the chief attractions. My selection here is **Bargate.** There will also be a good meeting at Dunstall Park, where **Holdcroft** may win the Christmas Cup on Boxing Day.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 19.

BLOODY TOWER, Tower of London, where Sir Walter Raleigh, during his imprisonment, wrote his famous "History of the World" 1614.

Johnnie Walker: "Hail! Sir Walter Raleigh. Every man who smokes ought to bless your name."

Shade of Sir Walter Raleigh: "And every man that lifts a glass for you should do the same."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Kilmarnock, Scotland

For comfortable home lighting use

SIEMENS ELECTRIC LAMPS

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL ELECTRICIANS IRONMONGERS STORES · · ETC

Advt of ENGLISH ELECTRIC & SIEMENS SUPPLIES LTD 38 39 Upper Thames Street London EC.4

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy for Everybody

The Bystander Annual

NOW ON SALE. PRICE 2/-.

Published at the Graphic Bldgs., Whitefriars, London, E.C.4

Columbia-Your Christmas Gramophone

The Gramophone that has set the Standard for over 25 Years - - - -

CHRISTMAS without music is unthinkable. The Columbia Grafonola opens up the entire world of music to you and your guests. It is the gramophone chosen by the discerning, for it offers more than any other gramophone in musical satisfaction, and in its wonderful motor a great reliability and long service. Choose a COLUMBIA as your Christmas gramophone—a Family Gift.

On Sale at all Stores and Music-Sellers. Art Catalogue free from them or from COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C 1.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

the Masterpieces of

Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra, The Halle Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, Pachmann, Busoni, Stralia, Dora Labbette, Frank Mullings, Hubert Eisdell, Arthur Jordan, Norman Allin, etc.

When Buying a Gramophone —LOOK AT THE MOTOR

The Motor of a gramophone is as the engine to a car—the vital part. The Motor in a Columbia Grafonola is the finest made—it is the vital part that, in a Columbia alone, has a reserve of power ensuring complete control, and holds the record speed absolutely true to pitch. No other motor has the same power. Ask to see the Columbia Motor.

No. 27

£40

The COLUMBIA Grafonola is made in numerous artistic styles from £5 5s. to £65. That illustrated is No. 27, typical of Columbia values. Solid Mahogany, beautifully finished. Fitted with Triple-Spring Motor Unit. Height 42 ins., width 18½ ins. An Incomparable Musical Instrument.

Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records MAGIC NOTES TRADE-MARK

THE CANINE CHRISTMAS

DOGS AS A THRICE-BLESSED GIFT

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

HERE'S to the Christmas health and New Year happiness of every Hound and Dog, and every Dog-lover! May nothing you dismay; for it's Fear that is at the root of most evil, in Man, as in Dogs.

I would teach all little boys and girls to box. As a rule, you don't need to teach 'em to love Dogs; enough if you just give 'em the necessary opportunities. When they've learned to box, and to love Dogs, you've insured 'em against Fear; which is more important than insurance against fire or accident, distemper or worms, and such-like trifles. Nine times out of ten it's some form of Fear that makes Dogs snap and people snarl; and it's nearly always Fear that causes Dogs or humans to be snapped or snarled *at*.

Also, a doctor man, a neurologist, told me that cruelty is most often a development of Fear; and cruelty is of the Devil devilish. Six months' hard for stealing a few apples. Two months for sneaking a few potatoes. Small fines for beating a Dog to death, and for working and flogging a starved old horse to death. What's the matter with the Bench? Is this sort of thing a product of Fear, too? It's infernally un-English and discreditable, anyhow; and thousands of good BYSTANDER readers and others want to know what the R.S.P.C.A., and O.D.F.L., and other bodies of that sort are going to do about it. The law is sound enough; the folk to get after are its local administrators.

The facetious recommend a box of liver pills as the best Christmas present, and I admit there's much to be said for books—of the right sort; especially open air or animal books—and, perhaps, better, a year's subscription to THE BYSTANDER. But when all's said, you know, a living gift, a pal for long years to come, in short, a Dog. Can you equal it as a present, especially for young folk? I doubt it.

But, mind you, it's not a thing to be done without taking thought. If anything, it's a more serious responsibility than the adopting of a Dog yourself. A Dog is a person; not at all something in a parcel to be kept in the dark pending the

"I'M WAITING"

moment of presentation. It's a fatal error not to consult the recipient in advance. The recipient's desire for *a* Dog must be established beyond all peradventure, and, if at all possible, his or her desire for *the* individual Dog in question; or, at very least, for a Dog of that sex, sort, and variety. Slightly disappointing the recipient of your Christmas present may not greatly matter, though that's worth avoiding, too; but you take real crime upon your shoulders when you bestow a Dog where he's not wanted, and won't be appreciated.

If you would do the thing in the real right way you must so contrive it that the recipient chooses the Dog; so that, having chosen, he or she can look the whole world in the face with the unspoken challenge—sincerely felt—of: Love me, love my Dog! Then you can sit down to your Christmas dinner with the sort of little-oil-bath-running conscience that almost guarantees good digestion. Don't immure a Foxhound, or a Setter, or even a Cocker, in the impenetrable masonry of a service flat; for that comes perilous near to cruelty. No, you must convince the beneficiary of the superior suitability of the right sort of breed, and if that can't be done, be advised by me, and choose another present; not a Dog. Desire to give pleasure may justify any sort of expenditure you like; it does *not* justify cruelty to one Dog; no, *sir*; not to give pleasure to a princess.

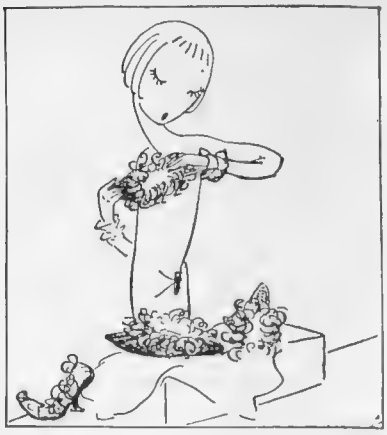
But, the choice being sensible, the gift of a Dog is twice, and thrice, blessed, blessing him/her that gives, and him/her that takes, and him/her that is given, and making for the spread of wisdom and understanding, as well as happiness, all round. Don't hesitate about giving advice with your present, wherever it can be useful; making sure, for example, of understanding of such elements as that it's more cruel to give a Dog bits of Stilton and mince-pie and Christmas pudding and turkey than to give him an occasional whang over the haunch with a lead. It's all very fine to say that every child knows such things. The fact remains that lots of them, in all the seven ages, not to mention the octogenarians, are breaking these laws every day of the week, and twice on Sundays, much to the detriment of their beloved victims. The Spaniel tribe, be it noted, are special sufferers. Field Spaniels and Cockers in particular are extraordinary prone to the accretion of adiposity on anything but the leanest of dietary; and with them, even more than with most Dogs, the coming of anything like corpulence, the loss of "edge," strikes all the zest and fire out of life, develops a flatulent sort of pessimism and apathy (as bad as any ever stimulated among undergraduates by Oxford and Cambridge pastrycooks), and leads, among other evils, to ineradicable, and very painful, skin troubles.

DEAR URSULA, *December 20th*

This umbrella handle is of real skin, and looks just like a dog under your arm. A near-sighted elderly lady wanted to stroke it, and asked, "Will he bite?"—

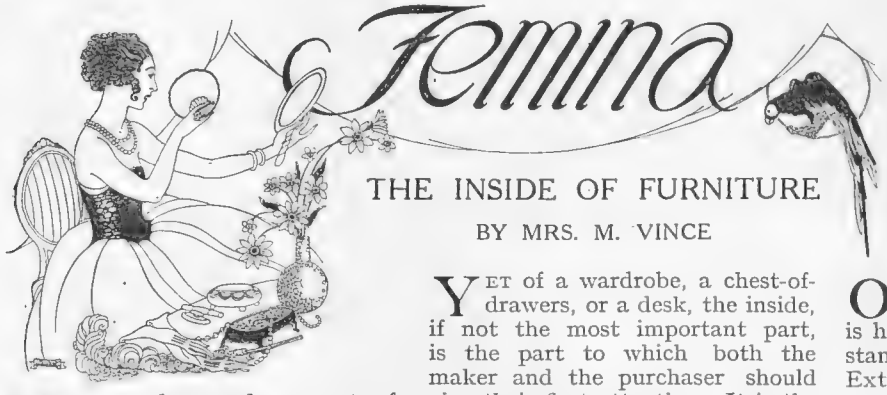
PAM IN PARIS

These blue enamel "brow bands" for evening wear are so becoming. I wear mine when I have "at homes" in my Chinese room.—



The latest boudoir slipper has a ruche of ostrich feather. These darlings are of silver with a pale pink feather trimming.

PAMELA



Femina

THE INSIDE OF FURNITURE

BY MRS. M. VINCE

WHAT do people expect of their furniture nowadays? There are several things which one would expect them to expect. That it should be well made. That it should be suitable to their houses. Above all, that where it has an inside, that inside should be fitted and arranged so as to be most convenient to its use. As a matter of fact, I believe that to all these qualities, and especially the last, most people pay very little attention. What they ask is that they should be given, as cheaply as possible, things with an appearance of being old furniture. It is for this appearance of age that, in modern furniture, we principally pay.

WATCH people buying furniture. They are told that this is "Jacobean," this is "Georgian," and something else is "Queen Anne." It is this that interests them, and by this they choose. They compare the wardrobe or desk, or whatever it may be, with some old piece that they know, or some picture of an old piece. If they seem to be getting fairly cheaply the appearance of old furniture, they are satisfied. Probably they have already decided before they even open the thing and look inside, and then they give the inside only a perfunctory glance. They take the inside for granted.

YET of a wardrobe, a chest-of-drawers, or a desk, the inside, if not the most important part, is the part to which both the maker and the purchaser should give their first attention. It is the part to which the great makers of furniture did give the closest attention, but, unfortunately, the modern maker, copying old things as cheaply as he can, too often neglects altogether.

I WAS looking the other day at a wardrobe with Jacobean carving and panelling. Some people who know nothing of old furniture think it old. It has, in fact, not unsuccessfully copied the appearance of old furniture, but when you open it, you find that this external imitation is all that it has. To its interior no care has been given. One part of it has, instead of drawers or sliding trays, a few fixed shelves—so few that either the things kept in them must be inconveniently piled up, or half the space must be wasted. The other part of it, for hanging clothes, is provided with a few hooks. It should have, for real convenience and the full use of its space, a central rod to take hangers. Not only is it without this, but if anyone who bought it had such a rod added, she would find that the wardrobe was not sufficiently deep. She would be compelled to have hangers specially made, smaller than the usual size, and then she would find that, unless she were very careful, her clothes would always be slipping off them.

ONE has only to contrast the inside of that wardrobe, which is a very fair specimen of cheap modern furniture-making, with the insides of some of the eighteenth century furniture, to realise that eighteenth century work was superior to ours in much more than its beauty.

ONE of Chippendale's pieces of furniture most sought after is his gentleman's combined washstand, dressing-table and desk. Externally it is no more than a square mahogany box, with a plain lid, with short, strong, neatly turned feet, and, on its front, a number of brass drop-handles. Internally, it is a miracle of ingenious arrangement and the most exact and scrupulous workmanship. The specimen that I have is only 20 in. broad by 20 in. long by 27 in. deep, yet it contains everything, from its sliding mirror, handkerchief and collar-box, writing-desk and pen-tray at the top, to its washhand-basin in the middle and its little foot-bath at the bottom. It is a pleasure to open the drawers and lift out and replace the trays, simply in order to feel how perfectly they fit. The collar-box goes into its place as tightly as a cork into a bottle, and the mirror moves up and down as smoothly as oiled metal.

ALL the thought, care, and workmanship have been spent on the interior—and that is what we want. We are far too ready, in thinking of old furniture, to think of it as made for display and not for use. To do that is to begin at the wrong end. Everyone nowadays considers it necessary to have a little knowledge of "periods" of old furniture. Instead, it would be much better to take such a piece of furniture as I have described, to study it, to realise the beauty of its workmanship and the practical convenience of its design. M. V.

A Gift That Is a Treasure But Involves No Treasure To Give!

A NECKLACE of genuine Técla Pearls—the only acknowledged counterparts of the Oriental gem—lustrous with the sea-soft sheen of the deep-water pearl—warm with the kaleidoscopic tints of Nature's great original—a fortune in appearance, but only a tithe of an Oriental Necklace in cost! For Christmas or New Year it is one of the most charming gifts that one can give to womankind.

TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London
10 *Rue de la Paix, Paris*

16 *Avenue de Verdun, Nice* 398 *Fifth Avenue, New York*

When piles of books for young people in jolly coloured wrappers begin to make their appearance, I know them for one of the surest signs of the approach of Christmas. This season they have begun to appear rather earlier than usual, and their variety is so great, and their attractiveness so universal, that it is difficult to know where to begin to write about them.

For Children from 7 to 70

Perhaps the volumes that catch the eye first are those admirable collections of drawings, by well-known artists, issued by Methuens. This season has been particularly rich in them. The non-committal title of *More Drawings*, by H. M. Bateman, is sufficient to make most of us willingly pay the 10*s.* 6*d.* asked, if only to renew acquaintance with those wonderful studies "By Request," and "If Bernard Shaw had commanded the Army" (the latter of which, incidentally, first appeared in The Bystander). Equally delightful are *Characters*, by George Belcher (7*s.* 6*d.*), *Drawn at a Venture*, by "Fougasse" (10*s.* 6*d.*), and *Punch Pictures*, by Frank Reynolds—this last published by Cassell's at 10*s.* 6*d.*

A new and beautiful edition of *The Japanese Fairy Book* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*) contains a wonderful frontispiece by Take Sato, which epitomises the quaint charm of these legends of old Japan. Somewhat similar is *Children's Stories from Rumanian Legends and Fairy Tales*, by M. Gaster (Tuck: 6*s.*). This book is enriched by delightful illustrations in colour and line by C. E. Brock.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY C. E. BROCK FROM "RUMANIAN LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES"

Gift Books for Boys and Girls

Specialists in these are Blackie and Son, and their contribution to the joys of reading is notable. Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Brereton is represented by *Roughriders of the Pampas* (4*s.*), a stirring tale of ranch life in South America, and *The Great Aeroplane* (4*s.*) one of those yarns of thrilling adventures in the air which appeal so much to the boyish imagination. *The Wireless Officer*, by Percy F. Westerman (6*s.*), gets properly under way in the first two pages, and develops into as exciting a tale of mystery and intrigue on the high seas as you could wish. There are also editions at 3*s.* 6*d.* of G. A. Henty's classics, *The Bravest of the Brave* and *In the Reign of Terror*.

In the girls' books I was much attracted by *The School in the South*, by Angela Brazil (6*s.*), which tells of a school for British and American girls at Naples, and *The Happy Adventurers*, by Lady Middleton (6*s.*), a rather fanciful, yet convincing, story of life in Australia and England. The illustrations to both these books are on a very high plane. Another school story is *Nicky of the Lower Fourth*, by Evelyn Smith (3*s.* 6*d.*).

Annuals

Two beautiful volumes from the House of Cassell are the *British Boys' Annual* and *British Girls' Annual* (6*s.* each). Young people never tire of these, and they are a sure stand-by for uncles and others in search of an acceptable present. *Blackie's Boys' Annual* and *Blackie's Girls' Annual* (5*s.* each) are very similar and also very popular. For younger children there are *Merry Moments' Annual* (Newnes: 5*s.*), and the admirable *Father Tuck's Annual* (5*s.*), and *Little People's Annual* (4*s.* 6*d.*), issued by Raphael Tuck and Sons.

For Young Children

The "Little Builders" Paper-Modelling Series (Tuck: 2*s.* each) is extremely entertaining. The specimen before me is *The Toy Shop*, and from its pages a toy shop and toys can be cut out and pasted together. The "Youngsters' Painting Books" of Deans are very attractive, and are only 6*d.* each. The "Merry Series" (Dean: 6*d.* each) are equally suitable for kiddies.

Larger books are the *Big Story Book* from the "Budget Series" (Dean: 3*s.*) and *The Children's Year* (Blackie: 4*s.*). Both are full of bright illustrations, and easy stories in good plain type.

Others are too numerous to mention in detail, but all are ideal additions to any nursery book-shelf. Among them Blackies send us *Polly and Peter* (2*s.*), *Winter Fun* (1*s.* 6*d.*), and *Through Field and Wood* (2*s.*), while from Dean's come the *Boys' and Girls' Book* and *Chick-a-Biddies* (2*s.* each), and the *Daytime Story Book* and *Little Brownies* (1*s.*) Nursery theatricals are provided for by a charming little series of plays for children. Among them are *Blue Beard*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and *Torquil MacFerron*. They are published by Methuens at 1*s.* 6*d.* each volume.

Dean's Rag Books

All well-conducted nurseries know the value of these untearable books for babies, and they need no further comment, save that this year they are better than ever. Their "True to Life" Dolls, too, are famous. I am particularly attracted by "Cherub," a fine upstanding fellow in a complete knitted outfit, down to the gloves. There is a perfect farmyard of ducks, puppies, and rabbits—all of them asking to be hugged.

Christmas Cards and Calendars

The custom of sending Christmas cards will never die while Father Tuck draws breath. This Christmas there is an extensive selection of the beautiful cards and calendars which have made this firm famous.

Another house which specialises in calendars, Christmas cards, and such seasonable novelties is W. Faulkner and Co., who contribute some distinctive "tear-off" calendars, and a large and very attractive selection of Christmas cards. We would recommend particularly their sets of coloured post cards, suitable for all purposes.

Hills and Co., Ltd., are making a speciality this year of the "Jolly Joy Family." They strike quite a new note in calendars, and the New Year should see one of these quaint little figures on every writing table. This firm also manufactures and publishes a very useful assortment of calendars for business and professional men.

Charles Letts' Diaries

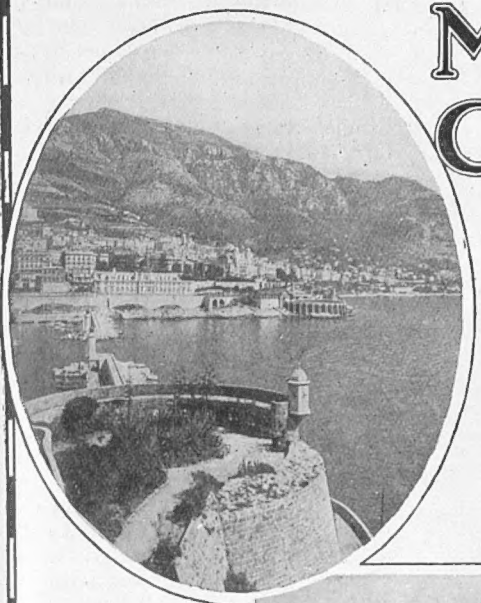
These are a national institution. This year's series, which is exclusively published by the House of Cassell, is the finest they have produced, and their specialised diaries for nearly every occupation are too well known to need extensive introduction.

A new series of imitation tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl diaries make delightful gifts for ladies. Charles Letts has improved on his already remarkable calendars by introducing new features which bring them very near perfection.

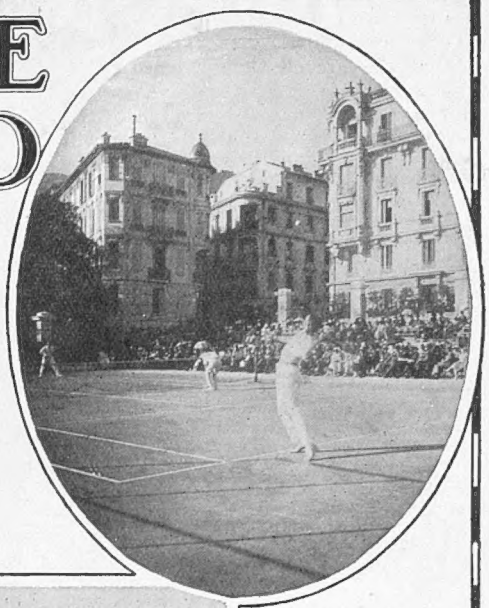
MONTE CARLO

Where the Sun always Shines.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE WINTER TEMPERATURE IN EUROPE.
Mean Temperature 59°



Monte Carlo from Monaco



Lawn Tennis in the famous La Festa Courts

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Golf Competitions.
Olympic Games Competitions for Ladies.
Horse Racing (Flat and Cross Country)
Sailing and Rowing Regattas.
Motor-boat Races.

The Casino

OUTDOOR SPORTS.

Motor-cycle Hill Climbing.
Seaplane Races.
Military Tournament.
International Dog Show.
Floral Fêtes.
Athletic Sports.

Terrace Staircase leading to Opera Hall

The Harbour

OPERAS, under the direction of M. Raoul Gunsbourg. Orchestra Conductor, M. Léon Jéhin.
The finest Artists of International Repute. Gorgeous "Mise-en-Scène."
CONCERTS: Modern, conducted by M. Lauweryns. Classical, conducted by M. Léon Jéhin.
Symphonique, conducted by M. Louis Ganne.
RUSSIAN BALLETS. OPERETTES AND LIGHT COMEDIES.

THE CATERING IN THE HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IS THE BEST THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

Illustrated Booklet can be obtained of International Sleeping Car Co., 20, Cockspur St., London, W.1, etc., etc., "S.E.C. Ry.," Victoria Station, Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons Agencies.

THROUGH TRAIN RUNS DAILY FROM VICTORIA STATION.

MOTOR·NOTES

As the Sahara desert is about to be tackled by a fleet of Citroën cars fitted with an endless chain or "caterpillar" track, so that the French Government can get data for future use, I am not at all sure that the "war motor" of the future will not be a vehicle that can either run on its wheels or creep on its own laid track across ground where roads do not exist. The extraordinary swiftness of these caterpillar motors—thirty miles an hour and over—on an ordinary road makes them suitable for a variety of jobs, especially in the agricultural line. The Citroën "creepers" that I saw recently had six speed-gear ratios, so that the tiny 11 h.p. engine was helped greatly by this means to overcome practically any obstacle in the matter of gradients or rough ground. When is one of our English motor-making concerns going to take a hand in this side of the business? The joke of the whole thing is that we started the caterpillar motor nearly twenty years ago and made no use of it, while the U.S.A. jumped at the idea, and applied it to their agricultural motors like the Cleveland "Cletrac," and made a commercial success of it.

* *
*

Twenty-years-ago topics bring to mind the wonderful sight Covent Garden Theatre looked on December 8, when the Prince of Wales honoured the Royal Automobile Club banquet with his presence to celebrate their twenty-fifth birthday. One would have wished that it could have taken place in the Science Museum, South Kensington, and so had the ancient automobiles of the period with us as well, but the drivers were there—those that are left of them—including the Marquis de Dion. But, of course, that was not possible. It was a huge success, and Harry Tate selling his car—as usual—contributed greatly to the merriment of the evening. The speeches, too, were excellent, from "our Prince" downwards. The Spanish Ambassador's English was perfect, and his gibe that what used to be called "games" in his youth, is now "sport" or "physical culture" was greatly appreciated.

THE NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR OF STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD.

Mr. J. W. Beeby, who, after twenty-two years' service with Straker-Squire's, has been appointed Managing Director. He is responsible for the design of the new 10-12 h.p. model

* *
*

In the early days of motoring it was a game to get the old motor to go at all, and certainly now the sporting side of motoring is ever before the public, with new records being created almost daily. This does require a certain amount of physical culture for the drivers, as unless a man is fit he cannot stand the test of endurance these entail. But everybody was sorry that Sir Julian Orde's throat was so bad that he could not attend this celebration. Commander F. P. Armstrong deputised for him very successfully, though I am afraid at the expense of his dinner—which he had little time to eat, so busy was he seeing to everybody's comfort. A well-managed affair from start to finish—and a fairly late finish, too.

Old Hy.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR VEHICLES

Many words and phrases in common use pass into common abuse. "Efficiency" is an example. Another is "low cost of upkeep." Read the adjoining letter. The experience would be accounted as extraordinary on any other car than the Dodge Brothers.

International Motors Ltd.,
Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6.
Telephone: Hammersmith 1972-3-4

90,000 MILES!

108, Barker Street, Oldham, Lancs.

To:—Messrs. International Motors, Limited, Brook Green, Hammersmith, LONDON, W. 6.

Dear Sirs,

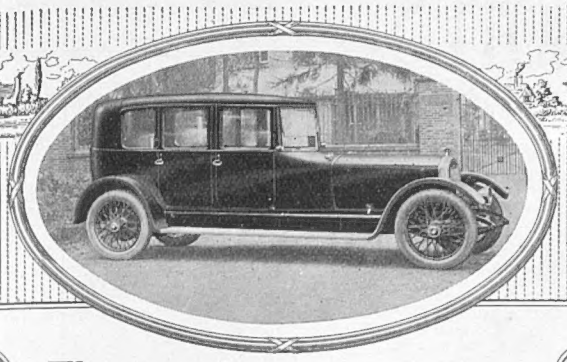
I am going to tell you in this letter what my opinion is of the DODGE BROTHERS' CAR; I also wish to tell you that I am a Taxi Proprietor in the hilliest district in Lancashire and that with my fleet of taxis I have tried four different makes of Cars but the Dodge is the only one that has stood up to the work and hills around our district.

At the present time I have five Dodge Brothers' Landaulettes; my first I bought in February of 1920. This Car has done over NINETY THOUSAND MILES and the only cost I have had has been for three new valves, a set of new piston rings and the big ends taken up twice. The only things it requires now are two new stub axle pins.

The Car is doing on petrol, 22 miles to the gallon and on tyres I am getting about 8,000 miles on the back wheels. This Car is as good as a new one and I would not accept £600 for it to-day. The other four Cars are turning out as good, for each has done OVER FIFTY THOUSAND MILES up to now. In my opinion there is nothing to equal the Dodge Car for Taxi work. I give you the privilege to make use of this letter.

Yours faithfully (Signed) W. H. Hayes.

Note
The cost of renewals for
NINETY THOUSAND MILES *is £1-17-0*
the labour for taking up big ends
would not be more than
£5-0-0



The Lanchester 40 H.P. Car

A PERFECTLY designed and splendidly finished Car — delightfully simple to handle, economical to run, and possessing extraordinary reserve power. It has the charm of beautiful coachwork, luxurious refinements, and withal a most dignified and unostentatious appearance. We invite you to take any trial you choose. Only by personal experience can you obtain proof of the superiority of the Lanchester Car over all others.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR Co. Ltd.
Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester. 95, New Bond Street, London, W

Catalogues and photographs on application.

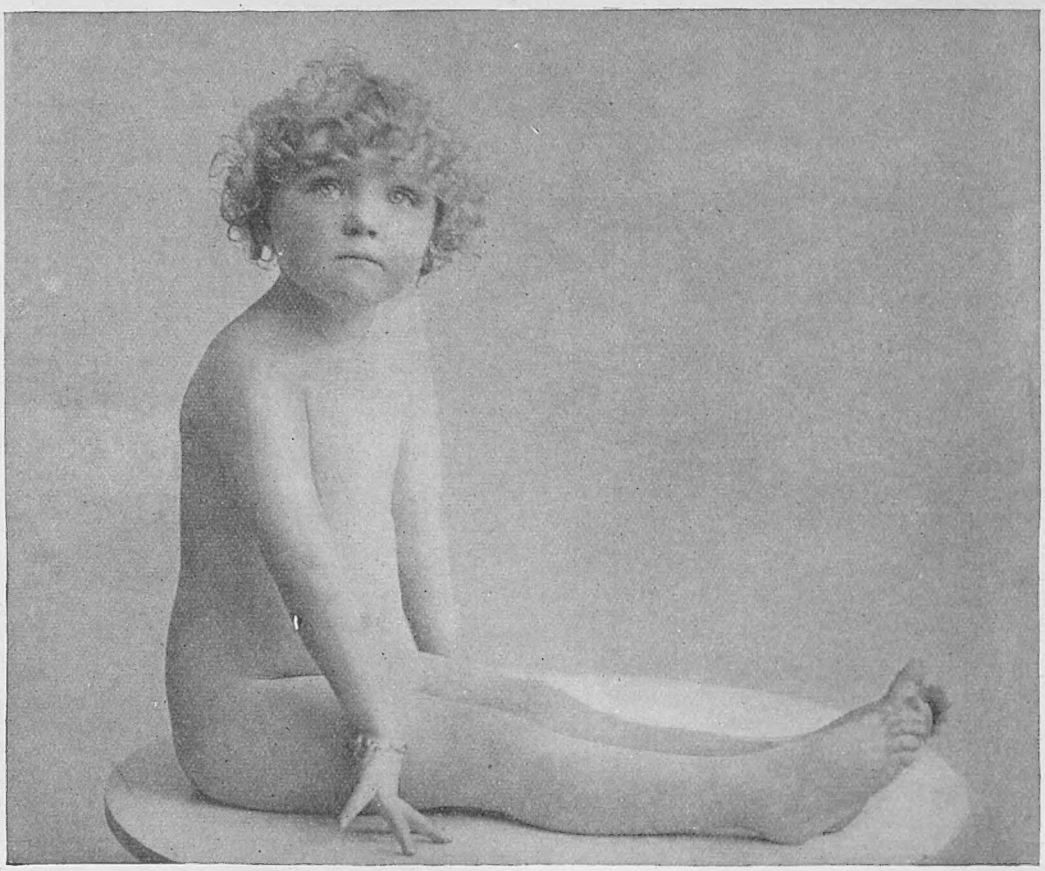
Xmas Fellowship.

THE pre-eminent occasion for friendship and good-feeling is the season of Christmas. Nothing more conduces to real concord than

"Red Tape" (TRADE MARK) *The* Whisky

Agreeing with everyone, it creates unanimity in the pleasantest way possible, playing its rôle with dignity and distinction. "Red Tape" is, indeed, "The Spirit of Concord."

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.
Glasgow, —— Scotland.



Bright eyed, clear complexioned, with strong straight limbs and a face radiant with the glow that comes only from perfect health, this child is a living testimonial to the value of a food that makes provision for gradual development from birth onwards.

'Allenburys'

Progressive System of Infant Feeding is modelled on Nature and provides a food specially adapted to each stage of infancy.

For the first three months of age 'Allenburys' No. 1 Milk Food—which closely resembles mother's milk—is employed. From 3 to 6 months 'Allenburys' No. 2 Food, containing additional nutritive material is used. After six months of age, a further stage is reached when the developing digestive capacities of the child call for 'Allenburys' No. 3 Malted Food—the first step towards solid food.

Free sample and 100 page Baby Book will be sent on request.

Please state baby's age.

Allen & Hanburys Limited

37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3.

CANADA: 66 Gerrard St. East, Toronto. UNITED STATES: Niagara Falls, N.Y.